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THE DICKENSIAN

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Fully Illustrated

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Thirty-second Annual Conference, Manchester, June 3rd to 6th, 1938

OUTLINE OF ARRANGEMENTS

FRIDAY June 3rd ... **Evening**: Civic Reception of members in the City Art Gallery. Music, etc.

SATURDAY June 4th ... **Morning**: Business Conference in the Town Hall.

Afternoon: Visit Chetham's Hospital and Library, the history of which goes back to the thirteenth century, it having been successively a baronial hall, a religious college, and lastly (and still) a "Blue-Coat" school for boys. The Library was the first public free reference library in the country and probably in Europe.

Visit the Municipal Central Library opened by King George V in 1934. In contrast with "Chetham's" this is the most up-to-date library in the world.

Evening: Banquet at the Midland Hotel.

SUNDAY June 5th ... **Morning**: Service at Manchester Cathedral; special sermon by the Very Rev. Garfield Hodder Williams, O.B.E., M.B., Dean of Manchester.

Afternoon: Motor Coach drive to Knutsford, Cheshire. Knutsford is the original of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," and the early home and final resting place of the novelist.

Evening: Informal gathering at the Midland Hotel.

MONDAY June 6th ... **Morning and Afternoon**: Motor Coach Tour through the Peak of Derbyshire, *via* Chatsworth House (seat of the Duke of Devonshire), Matlock (luncheon at "Chatsworth Hydro" and "Rockside Hydro"), romantic Haddon Hall (associated with Dorothy Vernon), Buxton (tea at Oliver's "Haddon Hall Hydro").

Evening: Dance at the "Manchester Limited" by invitation of the Manchester Branch.

ALL MEMBERS OF THE FELLOWSHIP ARE EXTENDED A CORDIAL INVITATION TO ATTEND.

The Headquarters of the Conference will be the Midland Hotel.

A full programme has been issued to all Branch Secretaries, and a list of hotels and other useful information will be included.

Copies can be obtained on application to the Hon. Conference Secretary, S. A. Gradwell, F.C.A., 64a Bridge Street, Manchester, 3.

Vol. XXXIV. SPRING 1938 No. 246

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

The Dickens House. Lady Dickens re-opened the freshly decorated house in Doughty Street in December last, and visitors are full of praise at the manner in which the work has been carried out. During the thirteen years it has been opened to the public the Trustees of the house have gathered many priceless relics, and these are now shown to the utmost advantage under the new arrangement by which each room is devoted to a different phase of Dickens's life.

* * * * *

Manchester. Full preliminary details of the conference to be held in Manchester in June are given in the advertisement pages of this number. In addition this number also contains a full account of Dickens's many associations with Manchester, for which I am much indebted to the lengthy investigations undertaken by Mr. F. R. Dean, which have resulted in the acquisition of much new knowledge on the subject of Dickens's many visits to the city.

* * * * *

Letters One Hundred Years Old. The sensation of the end of the year 1937 was the discovery, after one hundred years, of a series of letters of Dickens to George Cruikshank of the greatest importance as they refute the statement of that inimitable artist that he was the originator of *Oliver Twist*, and that Dickens wrote to his pictures. Equally interesting is the fact that some of the letters show to what great extent Dickens was responsible for "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman." The letters were purchased by Count de Suzannet, who with his usual and characteristic generosity, immediately placed them at the disposal of the readers of *The Dickensian*.

Everything in Dickens. The truth of Jules Verne's tribute that everything is to be found in Dickens was well illustrated lately. The newspapers reported that at a wedding in County Tyrone the best man got married to the bride by mistake, which recalled to a correspondent of " The Sunday Times " the occasion in *Dombey and Son* when Edith Granger was given away by Cousin Feenix, who at the crucial moment in the ceremony, " by reason of his wilful legs, gives the wrong woman to be married to this man, at first—a bridesmaid . . . " but was happily saved by the prompt attention of Miss Miff.

* * * * *

The Unregistered Architect. During the debate on the registration of Architects Bill, Mr. Beverley Baxter, M.P., in the House of Commons in December, read long extracts from *Martin Chuzzlewit* as " the testimony of a great reformer of the past," Pecksniff being, from the detailed description supplied, an unregistered architect and a fraudulent one at that. Thus is the sphere of Dickens the reformer extended !

* * * * *

The Law in Dickens. " Practice and Procedure in the time of Charles Dickens " was the title of an extremely able article in " The Law Times " in December last. In justice to Mr. Mitchell, a well-known Cheltenham solicitor who contributes the article on page 85 of this number of *The Dickensian*, I should like to say that this article was in type five months ago, and has been delivered by him as a lecture to more than one Gloucestershire branch.

* * * * *

The Dickens Christmas. There was a very remarkable journalistic outpouring by Mr. W. R. Titterton in the " Universe " in December. " Dickens did not know what Christmas meant " was its title. Its theme may be summed up in the following extract : " You never feel that all these good people are merry because Christ our Lord and Saviour was born on Christmas Day," " Jollity in a void," " His Church a Tavern," " Goblins instead of Angels," were some of the headlines. A clever piece of journalism, but not sane criticism, as Fr. Stephen Rigby (in whom we were pleased to recognise an old contributor under a nom de plume to *The Dickensian*) took up the cause in the following week's issue, and showed all that Mr. Titterton had completely overlooked.

* * * * *

The " Ale Garland " at The George. On the 20th December last we had the pleasure of assisting Sir Garrard Tyrwhitt-Drake, the owner of Cob Tree, the reputed original of Manor Farm, Dingley Dell, at the re-inauguration of the " Ale Garland " at the George Inn in the Borough. It was a function that would have delighted the heart of Dickens. Efforts are being made to revive the display of the Ale Garland at English Inns ; they were formerly put out on festive occasions to supplement the pictorial sign and to assist the traveller in his search for an inn. Ale-possets brewed according to

old recipes, such as Purl, Flip, Wassail, were served to the guests, and the old George—now, thanks to the Dickens Fellowship, a National Trust—presented as bright a spectacle as we have ever beheld. All hail to the " George " and its ale garland !

* * * * *

Dickens in Cartoon.

It is very gratifying to find that the series of Dickensian Peeps into " Punch " is much appreciated by the readers of *The Dickensian*, but it is left to an old friend, Mr. William Miller, to send me from his wonderful collection of Dickensiana what he considers to be the very earliest use to which a cartoonist ever put the Dickens character. The drawings are certainly very crude, but are worth preserving in these pages. They appeared in " Figaro in London " long before " Punch " was ever thought of. The first is dated 6th January, 1838, and is entitled " The Political Fat Boy," showing Lord Brougham as Sam Weller and Lord Palmerston as the Fat Boy. The drawing accompanies several lines of letterpress in which the Fat Boy's master is most appropriately referred to as John Bull. Palmerston was at that time Foreign Secretary and the charge of being asleep in his office was made against him.

THE POLITICAL FAT BOY.

* * *

In the second cartoon, from the issue of 17th February in the same year, it is Lord Glenelg who is the Fat Boy ; this was accompanied by some humorous verses commencing :—

> Oh rest thee, my darling, by day or by night,
> For sleep is the sole thing in which you delight.

One of the verses ends with :—

> Then rest thee boy, rest thee, and sleep while you may
> And only wake up on receiving your pay.

which appears to have been the object of the attack.

Lord Glenelg, as the Fat Boy

A Gas Mask for Tiny Tim. Two splendid Dickens cartoons by Mr. A. G. Racey appeared in the "Montreal Star" in December, both dealing with the peril from the air, and gas masks for children. In the first, Dickens as the spirit of the children's friend, asks "What sort of devils are loose in the world to force a nation to take such protective measures as this? Would that I could rewrite *A Christmas Carol* to suit these ghastly times!" A fortnight later this was followed by a wonderfully pathetic picture of Tiny Tim up-to-date—in a gas mask—"And this is in a supposedly civilised era, when some nations boast of 'kultur and progress.'"

* * * * *

Did they or didn't they? We lately received an interesting letter from Mr. Gerald Wade, of Winnipeg, in which he asked:—

> In *Great Expectations*, last page, what does the phrase, "I saw the shadow of no parting from her," mean? Did they or didn't they? I think there are others besides myself who would like to know!

* * * * *

The End of "Great Expectations." Our correspondent raises a new and very interesting point. His quotation is taken from the first edition of the work, in "All The Year Round," and also in three volume form (1861). As it stands, it is certainly not clear that henceforth there was to be no parting between Pip and Estella, that is to say, they were to be married. (Readers will remember that in the story as originally planned by Dickens, Pip and Estella were not to marry. Forster prints the original ending in his "Life of Dickens.") Dickens must have discovered how unsatisfactory were these final words, for in the first illustrated edition of 1862 they were altered to read:—

> "I saw no shadow of another parting from her."

which has, we believe, been copied into all later editions.

* * * * *

Rochester's Official Guide. We offer our warmest congratulations to Mr. Edwin Harris on his retirement after more than quarter of a century devotion as the Official Hon. Guide to the Rochester Branch, and thank him for the great services he has rendered to Dickens and Dickensians from all parts of the world. He well deserves his rest, as he is now in his seventy-ninth year, and the thousands who have benefited by his ungrudging services will join with us in wishing him many happy years, and many happy memories along with them.

* * * * *

A Correction. A correspondent points out that the title caption at the foot of page 54 is misleading as to *The Village Coquettes*, and I agree with him. What is there shown is the title page of the songs, etc., of that operetta, not of the text of the play, which was published by Bentley with title page dated 1836.

The Late Mrs. T. W. Hill. We offer our deepest sympathy to Mr. T. W. Hill, the Hon. Treasurer of the Fellowship, for the great loss he has sustained in the death of his wife, within a few months of the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. A very wide circle will mourn the loss the Fellowship has sustained, as Mrs. Hill was an active member for over twenty-five years and always accompanied her husband to the Conferences.

* * * * *

The Nickleby Centenary. Although the Centenary of the publication of *Nicholas Nickleby* is not being officially celebrated by the Dickens Fellowship—every year now, almost, being a "Dickens Centenary,"—the fact that Dickens took a coach for Yorkshire at the end of January, 1838, to obtain local colour for Dotheboys Hall, has by no means passed unnoticed. That wireless historian of Dickens, Mr. V. C. Clinton Baddeley, prepared a celebration programme on the novel for January 30th, and several of the northern newspapers contained special articles on the subject.

* * * * *

Broadcast Readings. I am pleased to see that these have been revived. Mr. Clinton Baddeley reads from *A Tale of Two Cities* every Saturday afternoon from January 15th to April 2nd.

* * * * *

Disappearing Dickens Land. The house in Easy Row, Birmingham, reputed to be the home of Mr. Winkle, senior, identified by its proximity to the Old Wharf (demolished 1913) and the three steps before the door, is to be demolished in a road-widening scheme. The same fate is to befall the little office in Carter Lane, London, where Dickens had an office when a reporter in the courts of Doctors Commons.

* * * * *

Printers' Jubilee. *The Dickensian* had a Jubilee of its own last June, which, unfortunately, we allowed to pass unnoticed. It concerned the printers, Messrs. A. Brown & Sons, Ltd., of Hull, who then completed an association of a quarter of a century as the printers of this magazine. Mindful of the old axiom, "Better late than never," we place this interesting fact on record now. The association is much more than a business one. The present Managing Director of the firm, Mr. F. Bacon, was Hon. Secretary of the Hull Branch at the time the eighth annual conference was held there in 1913, when the head of the firm, the late Ald. J. Brown, J.P., was Mayor of the City and presided at the dinner.

I desire to place on record my sincere thanks to the staff of the firm for their unfailing courtesy, and especially to Mr. David Drysdale, the Director who makes it a personal matter to help the amateur editor in all possible ways.

WALTER DEXTER.

FANG AND LAING AGAIN

IN the Summer (1937) Number we printed a letter of Dickens written in 1837 to show the steps he took to obtain entry into the court of the " notorious " police office in Hatton Garden presided over by by a certain Mr. Laing. Mr. Miller, from his wonderful store of information about the days of Dickens, has sent us a copy of " Figaro in London " for January 13th, 1838, from which we can see how much the intolerance of this magistrate was in the news shortly after Dickens's exposure of him in *Oliver Twist*, which led to his resignation. We have room only for the opening paragraphs from the long article, and a reproduction of the cartoon which accompanied it.

LAING'S DISMISSAL

It must be in the perfect recollection of the readers of this periodical that we have frequently promised to be unwearied in our exertions to procure for society the boon of the dismissal of Laing, of Hatton Garden, from the bench of magistrates.

Difficult as it may appear for one small publication to achieve an object so unusual as the disgraceful kicking out of a police magistrate, it is nevertheless perfectly notorious that to this publication, and to this alone, is the public indebted for the ferocities of Laing being exposed in their proper colours, and for his unfitness and unworthiness having been made so palpable to the whole world, that even Government (which is ever ready to screen and overlook the vices of those in authority) has been compelled to insist upon the resignation of this man, who has so long profaned the bench and outraged the laws of justice and humanity by his behaviour.

Until we boldly came forward to call things by their right names no public writer ever thought of using the word magistrate without the epithet of " worthy " or " humane," or some other equally inappropriate adjective, but we have pounced upon the black sheep among the beaks, with acquiline fierceness, and the expletives of " ruffian," " brute," " barbarian," have been boldly used in describing the conduct of a heartless magistrate.

We shall not dwell long upon this grand triumph of our own honesty and faultless integrity, but in calling attention to our glorious expulsion of Laing, we cannot help recommending some who still sit upon the judicial bench to take care they do not drive us to a similar course with respect to themselves. We, however, warn them that such will inevitably be the course we shall pursue if we find any of the magistrates following the steps of their kicked-out accomplice

JARNDYCE *v.* JARNDYCE . . . . . BARDELL *v.* PICKWICK

A COMPARISON

By E. J. MITCHELL

I.

BROADLY speaking there are five distinct branches or sources of the law, and all these when put together make up the law as we now know it to be. These five sources are (1) the Common Law (2) Equity (3) Statute Law (4) the Law Merchant (5) Ecclesiastical Law.

The main source of our Law is the Common Law. It is based on custom, being a growth which began with our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and rests largely on precedent. Since it is pure case law it is unwritten, and stands in marked contrast to our Statute Law which is written, and is to be found on the Parliamentary Rolls. I do not mean to suggest that no records have been preserved of these customs and precedents; but that there is no specific record, no book, or volumes of books which one can take to the Courts and say "this is the authentic Common Law and it you must recognise." A knowledge of this section of the law is obtained from old charters, reports of cases and text books, but there is no official document which authoritatively states the Common Law as there is in the case of Statute Law.

In all progressive societies social necessities are always more or less in advance of the law, and by means of legal fictions, equity, and legislation, the difference between them is narrowed down. When the law becomes too rigid it can be made to suit the needs of society by legal fictions, and this was generally the first step taken in early systems of law. Later on, in the development of the law, a fresh body of rules grew up side by side with the old law, and based upon different principles and superior in quality—this was Equity.

In process of time, therefore, the Common Law became deficient, firstly because there were many wrongs for which no remedy lay at all, secondly because the relief it afforded was often most inadequate, and thirdly because the procedure in the Courts was very defective. This led to the formation of the Court of Chancery or the Court of Equity—equity meaning, of course, equality and fairness.

Thus it came about that until 1875 we had, alongside the Court of Common Law, a court of equity—the Chancery Court—a court which had the power to enforce duties which the Common Law Court could not enforce.

For example, if a man would not fulfil his contract, all that the Court of Common Law could do was to force him to pay damages for having broken it, but the Chancery Court had power to *force him to perform* his contract—to make him do exactly as he had promised, even to the extent of committing the defaulter to prison. Mr. Pickwick, of course, went to prison for contempt of an order of the Common Law Court in refusing to pay the assessed damages, not by order of the

Chancery Court because he failed to fulfil a contract. While in the Fleet, however, two such prisoners were encountered—Mr. Pickwick's landlord, who had been there long enough to have lost friends, fortune, home and happiness, getting his discharge only in death, and Sam's landlord—the fortunate legatee :

> "Well," said the cobbler, "when I was going to take out a probate of the will the nieces and nevys, who was desperately disappointed at not getting all the money, enters a caveat against it."
>
> "What's that ?" inquired Sam.
>
> "A legal instrument, which is as much as to say it's no go," replied the cobbler.
>
> "I see," said Sam, "a sort of brother-in-law of the have-his-carcase. Well."
>
> "Finding they couldn't get up a case, they withdrew, and I paid all the legacies. I'd hardly done when one nevy brings an action to set the will aside. He gets judgment that the testator was not quite right in his head, and I must pay all the money back again, and all the costs. I appealed, and lost. Then we went into Chancery, and I'm here for £10,000 and shall stop here till I die, mending shoes."

The Common Law Judges for long looked with hostility on the Court of Chancery, and unfortunate suitors were sometimes sent backwards and forwards between Common Law and Equity until Justice became almost a mockery. This state of affairs was ended by the Judicature Acts of 1873-75, which amalgamated the Courts, and laid down that in any conflict between the rules of Equity and the rules of Common Law, the rules of Equity should prevail.

Dickens wrote *Bleak House* over 20 years before the first of these Reform Acts, and the state of affairs obtaining at that time tempted him to a satirical comparison of the Lord Chancellor and his Court to Krook and his Rag and Bottle Warehouse.

> "And why do you think they call me the Lord Chancellor, and my shop Chancery ?" said the old man. "You see, I have so many things there wasting away, and going to rack and ruin. I have so many old parchmentses, and papers in my stock. I have a liking for rust, and must, and cobwebs. I can't abear to put away anything I can lay hold of, or to alter anything. That's the way I've got the ill name of Chancery. I go to see my noble and learned brother pretty well every day. He don't notice me, but I notice him. There's no great odds betwixt us. We both grub on in a muddle."

Jarndyce and Jarndyce then, not being governed by any custom or precedent, came under the jurisdiction of the Equity or Chancery Court. On the other hand, Bardell and Pickwick, being an argument over a contract, was heard in a Common Law Court, notwithstanding the fact that the elder Mr. Weller entertained a firm and unalterable conviction that the Old Bailey was the supreme court of judicature in this country.

The remaining branches of the law—Statute—Law Merchant—

Ecclesiastical—need no remarks, as they do not affect the subject matter of this article—they were merely referred to as integral parts of the law as a whole.

II.

Previously to the erection of the Law Courts, the Chancellor's Court was held at Westminster Hall, and Lincoln's Inn Hall. When the story of *Bleak House* opens, Jarndyce and Jarndyce was being heard in Lincoln's Inn Hall, which, as no doubt many of you are aware, can be approached from an entrance to the Inn in Chancery Lane, and the hearings continued there until the end of the Trinity Term, because, within ten minutes of the Chancellor being up for the Long Vacation, Mr. Vholes is discovered discussing the case with Richard Carstone in his office in Symonds Inn, Chancery Lane. The case was, however, concluded at Westminster Hall.

"Bardell *v.* Pickwick" was heard in a court of Common Law situate in the district in which the failure occurred, "and a coach, having been procured, the four Pickwickians and Mr. Perker, ensconced themselves within, and drove to Guildhall. Sam Weller, Mr. Lowton and the blue bag following in a cab."

The facts of the case of "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce" are not given, but we are told that it was about a Will when it was about anything at all; that a certain Jarndyce, in an evil hour, made a great fortune, and made a great Will, and as a result questions arose as to how the trusts under the Will were to be administered. What these questions were the author does not say, and the reader has, of necessity, to resort to his imagination in order to reconstruct the case from the meagre evidence available.

At the outset it is made clear that the questions themselves had been settled, and that the point for consideration at this stage was one of costs only. That it had been going on for a long time, there is no doubt—an endeavour will be made to explain why—and the legal profession had made a goodly sum out of it. Mr. Kenge told Esther Summerson, as a child, that the costs at that time amounted to between £60,000 and £70,000. The disinterestedness of John Jarndyce towards the case, and his constant endeavours to persuade Richard Carstone against building castles in the air, seems to indicate that his legal advisers had acquainted him of the true position—namely, that when the argument about costs had been settled, there would be very little for

anybody. As it happened, of course, the argument went on so long that there was nothing for anybody.

The case of Gridley, "the man from Shropshire," which, according to the preface was "in no essential altered from one of actual occurrence," seems to have been the basis of the author's idea of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Gridley was one of two brothers. His father made a Will, leaving his Farm and stock to his mother for life. After her death, Gridley was to inherit the estate, subject to a legacy of £300 to his brother. The mother died, and the brother claimed his legacy; but Gridley refused to pay *in toto* on the ground that the brother had already received some portion in kind. No dispute arose over the Will, but the brother craved the assistance of the Court to decide whether or not he was to be paid the £300 legacy. Eighteen people were made defendants, and after four years the costs exceeded the legacy by three times. Gridley lost the whole of his estate, and the case remained undecided owing to lack of cash to continue the proceedings.

When on that cold and foggy day in November, we are introduced to the Court of Chancery, and find the Lord Chancellor considering the expediency of making an order for the two young people to reside with a relative, we are able, by connecting the conversations in Court with the subsequent remarks of Krook and John Jarndyce, to ascertain, by deduction, why these two young people and John Jarndyce became suitors in the cause. The Lord Chancellor refers to the relative as the Uncle, but upon being reminded by Counsel that the Uncle is dead, amends his statement to Grandfather. Another Counsel explains that the Grandfather was a victim of a rash action, and a third Counsel makes the statement that he is acting for the relative in question, who is John Jarndyce, a cousin, several times removed, of Richard Carstone and Ada Clare.

Krook told the three young People when they visited his warehouse with Miss Flite and Caddy Jellyby, that Tom Jarndyce shot himself, and John Jarndyce, when making some general remarks on the case to Esther Summerson, told her that Tom Jarndyce was his great uncle.

It seems reasonable to assume, therefore, that Tom Jarndyce was the victim of the rash action, and that he was really the grandfather of Richard and Ada. These two young people being, approximately, of similar age, must therefore have been the children of respective daughters of Tom Jarndyce. John Jarndyce must have been the son, and in turn, the grandson, of a Jarndyce, and the indication is that the suit originated either as a dispute between the two grandfathers—Tom Jarndyce and the grandfather of John Jarndyce—or that they were made parties to the suit on the action of members of their family who regarded themselves as being entitled to participate. That some serious disagreement arose there seems to be no doubt, otherwise Tom Jarndyce would not have made his great nephew his heir. The fact that he allowed the case to worry him to the extent of shooting himself indicates mental derangement.

This family, together with Lady Dedlock, accounts for nine people,

but there must have been other descendants of the two original suitors because when the Lord Chancellor asks Mr. Tangle to bring his arguments to a speedy conclusion as "several members of the bar are still to be heard," "eighteen of Mr. Tangle's learned friends leap up like eighteen hammers in a pianoforte, make eighteen bows and drop into eighteen places of obscurity."

RESTORED DICKENS'S LONDON

Staple Inn is undergoing a complete restoration. This photograph was taken just before the work commenced, by Mr. Wm. J. Hart, F.R.P.S. (present) for *The Dickensian*.

Summarising, we have the two brothers Jarndyce, as compared with the brothers Gridley, nineteen interested parties in the Jarndyce case and nineteen in the Gridley case, and the property, forming part of the dispute, Tom-all-alone's as compared with Gridley's farm.

Reconstructing the case, then—by the Will of the great grandfather of Richard Carstone, Ada Clare and John Jarndyce, the executors were directed to perform certain acts, and certain people were due to benefit thereby. Either the executors found the Will so ambiguous, that they were unable to proceed with their duties without first having a judicial interpretation, or the interested parties disagreed with the proposed actions of the executors, so that it became necessary to ask the Chancery or Equity Court to adjudicate upon the intentions of the Testator. As a result of the proceedings the custody of the funds, and the control of the estate generally, were transferred to the Court, and thenceforth all income was paid into, and no expenditure could be incurred without the consent of the Court. All legatees under the age of twenty-one years, whose means of existence emanated from the estate, would be under the control of, and in turn any expenditure upon their behalf, would be at the direction of, the Court. That was why Richard Carstone and Ada Clare were called Wards in Chancery, and in making himself responsible for them, John Jarndyce was merely acting as agent for the Court, so that it became necessary to make application to the Lord Chancellor, as the head of the Chancery Court, before Richard could be placed with Mr. Bayham Badger as a medical student, or allowed to join the Army, or to enter the office of Kenge and Carboy.

Had there been sufficient funds left in the Estate when the later Will was discovered by Grandfather Smallweed in the debris of Krook's warehouse after the fire, the case must have been re-heard; but what the result would have been in that case it is impossible to say. As it was the case went on for so many years; and the costs incurred were so heavy, that a position of insolvency was reached, and these people who had looked forward to so much, suddenly found themselves stranded and penniless.

III.

Contrast "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce" with the case of "Bardell *v.* Pickwick," in which it is possible for the reader to follow the case in its entirety from its origin by "spontaneous combustion" in Mr. Pickwick's room in Goswell Street in the summer of 1827, through its various stages, legal and otherwise, to its termination in favour of Mrs. Bardell at the Guildhall (presumably) on the 14th February, 1831.

The point at issue here was one which was clearly covered by custom and precedent. The contention of the Plaintiff being that as a result of divers actions by the Defendant a contract existed between the Defendant and herself, but as he had elected not to perform his part of the contract, which election had resulted in a considerable loss to her, she craved the assistance of the Court to recoup her loss by ordering

the Defendant to pay compensation in the shape of damages. On the other hand, the Defendant denied the existence of a contract. The questions to be considered, therefore, were (*a*) did a contract exist between the parties ? (*b*) if so, had the Defendant failed to perform his part ? and (*c*) if he had, what damages should he pay to the Defendant ? all questions which come within the jurisdiction of a Common Law Court, and accordingly Mr. Pickwick received a letter from Dodson and Fogg informing him

> " that a writ has been issued against you in this suit in the Court of Common Pleas ; and request to know, by return of post, the name of your attorney in London, who will accept service thereof."

Reference should here be made to an interesting error in dates. Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's letter was dated 28th August, 1830, and the Writ was issued on the same day. After the return from Christmas at Mr. Wardle's, various witnesses were served with a subpœna. On the 13th February " the day immediately preceding that which was appointed for the trial," Sam sent his now famous Valentine. It is clearly established, then, that the date of the trial was 14th February, 1831. In his statement of the Plaintiff's case Sergeant Buzfuz said that " Just this time three years " Mrs. Bardell put up the notice " Apartments for a single gentleman—Inquire within." This would be early in 1828 ; but on the 13th May, 1827, Mr. Pickwick set out on his travels from Goswell Street and his reflections on the limitations of that Street, immediately prior to his departure, seem to indicate he had been there for some time. The inference is that either there was an error in the date of Dodson & Fogg's letter, or a mis-statement by Sergeant Buzfuz.

Instead of getting into touch with his Solicitor at once Mr. Pickwick replied to this letter in person by calling upon Messrs. Dodson & Fogg, and had it not been for the timely intervention of Sam Weller, would have landed himself for another action for defamation of character and assault.

The details of this case are too familiar to need repetition here, but reference must be made to the manner in which Sam gave his evidence, and which clearly tempered the quantum of the damages.

Many have wondered why Mr. Pickwick refrained from going into the witness box to deny the charges made against him, but the explanation is that it was not until 1843 that people in his position had the opportunity of electing to take this course.

IV.

Although it is not absolutely necessary, it is more than usually desirable, that litigation in the higher Courts should be conducted through the medium of the legal profession. The parties instruct their respective Solicitors (members of the Law Society) who in turn instruct Counsel (members of the Bar) to appear before the Judge (a man selected from the members of the Bar) for his decision.

V.

In 1827, Dickens was a clerk in the office of Mr. Molloy, a Solicitor practising in Symond's Inn, where Mr. Vholes had his office. Later he was a clerk in Kenge and Carboys, or more correctly Messrs. Ellis and Blackmore. During this time no doubt, he encountered men like Mr. Kenge, Mr. Vholes, Mr. Perker and Messrs. Dodson and Fogg.

It is rather curious that in his description of each of the Solicitors in the two books we are discussing (except Mr. Dodson) Dickens tells us they were dressed in black. Whether this is coincidence, or a mode of dress favoured by a legal profession at that time, I cannot say.

Mr. Kenge—or Conversation Kenge—who acted for John Jarndyce, was the senior partner in Kenge and Carboy. He was a portly important looking gentleman, who appeared to enjoy, beyond everything, the sound of his own voice, which was mellow and full, and gave great importance to every word he uttered.

Mr. Perker, Solicitor for Mr. Pickwick, was a little high-dried man, with a dark squeezed-up face, and small restless black eyes that kept winking and twinkling on each side of his little inquisitive nose, as if they were playing a perpetual game of peep-bo with that feature.

Both of these gentlemen were practitioners of a very good type—men of reputation—jealous of legal etiquette, and always endeavouring to act in the best interests of their clients. Men who could be entrusted with problems of all kinds, and whose advice could be taken with assurance.

Mr. Vholes, Richard Carstone's Solicitor, was a sallow man with pinched lips that looked as if they were cold, a red eruption was here and there on his face. He was tall and thin, high shouldered and stooping. He was for ever professing the utmost uprightness and integrity, prating about his good name and those dependant upon him. He, undoubtedly, dragged Richard yet deeper into the toils of the law, and poisoned his mind against his friend John Jarndyce, and all who had helped him. As Esther Summerson wrote : " So slow, so eager, so bloodless and gaunt, I felt as if Richard were wasting away beneath the eyes of this adviser, and there was something of the vampire in him."

Dodson was a plump, portly, stern looking man with a loud voice, and Fogg, an elderly pimply faced, vegetable diet sort of man ; a kind of being who seemed to be an essential part of the desk at which he was writing, and to have as much thought and sentiment. They were both capital men of business, and had Mr. Pickwick known at the time of his interview with them, what he learned from Sam Weller later, he would have described the proceedings in stronger terms than disgraceful and rascally, and would not have been content by calling the firm swindlers. The manner in which Fogg treated the debtor Ramsey is evidence of the class of work undertaken by these men ; they were obviously the type who are ever skating on thin ice.

Solicitors are not allowed to plead in the High Court, and in cases similar to Jarndyce and Jarndyce, and Bardell and Pickwick, the

solicitor prepares the case, gets the evidence together, and engages a Barrister, called Counsel, to appear in Court.

Mr. Tangle is the only Counsel who is particularly mentioned in Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce. He, we are told, was a large advocate with great whiskers, and a little voice, who knew more about the case than anybody else, because he had read about nothing else since he left school.

Barristers of repute are raised to the rank of King's Counsel, and use the letters K.C. after their name. This honour is sometimes referred to as taking silk, because they wear silk gowns, instead of stuff gowns, in court. When *The Pickwick Papers* and *Bleak House* were written the senior members of the Bar were called Serjeants, and it was from the ranks of these gentlemen that the Judges were chosen. This title has now become extinct in England, and the Judges are appointed from members of the Bar, irrespective of rank, regard being had to reputation and ability.

Hence the two leaders in Bardell *v.* Pickwick were Serjeants. Snubbin for Mr. Pickwick, was a lantern-faced, sallow complexioned man, with a dull looking boiled eye, whose hair was thin and weak; and Buzfuz for Mrs. Bardell had a fat body and a red face.

This was Mr. Pickwick's first appearance in a Court of Law, and he was astounded to learn that Counsel did not bear the same animosity to each other as Plaintiff to Defendent. "Who's that redfaced man who said it was 'a fine morning,' and nodded to our Counsel" whispered Mr. Pickwick. "Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz," replied Parker, "He's opposed to us; he leads for the other side." It was only the entrance of the Judge that prevented him from enquiring, with great abhorrence of the man's cold blooded villany, how Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz dared presume to tell Mr. Serjeant Snubbin that it was a fine morning. He did not appreciate that the client is no more to Counsel than the customer is to the shopkeeper.

Serjeants and K.C.'s are always known as Leaders, and they never appear in Court without the assistance of another Barrister, who is called a Junior. The Junior assists in cross-examination, and carries on in the absence of his leader. Mr. Skimpin was Junior to Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Phunky to Serjeant Snubbin.

Such were the members of the legal profession who were engaged in these two cases, each man characteristically different from the other, but each one, in his way, a cog in the great wheel of the law.

VI.

The principal legal character in *Bleak House* was, of course, Mr. Tulkinghorn, the eminently respectable family Solicitor, at whose funeral the goodwill of the aristocracy manifested itself; but his interest in the subject matter of this paper was not sufficiently important, to warrant his inclusion in the comparison.

It will be remembered that his entry into the story is to obtain the signature of Lady Dedlock to certain documents; but he is so struck by the agitation she displays at seeing the handwriting on

those documents, that he spends the rest of his life in solving the mystery.

In the preparation for the story we now know as *Bleak House*, it was the intention to make Jo the chief character; but only a few days after the appearance of the first number, Dickens received a pamphlet dealing with the abuses and delays of the Chancery Court. The original idea was abandoned, and as an alternative, he decided to attack this most unsatisfactory state of affairs, and, as I have endeavoured to explain, he adopted, without any material change, the memorable case of Gridley, full details of which appeared in the pamphlet.

The theme suggested itself with a very real purpose, and on the basis of facts, warranted him his treatment of it, for true artist though he was, the thought of exposing some national defect, of helping to bring about some real reform, was always paramount in his mind over any mere literary conception.

Owing, to a large extent, to the hostility existing between the Judges of the respective Courts, there is no doubt that at the time of the issue of the pamphlet the length of Chancery suits was a real public grievance, as well as a frequent private calamity. There is no need to repeat the facts of the Gridley case; but the concluding sentence of the pamphlet is evidence of the author's sincerity, and this, together with the case itself, evidently attracted the attention of Dickens to agitate for reform. It says "What a mockery of justice this is; the facts speak for themselves, and I can vouch for their accuracy."

In the preface to *Bleak House*, Dickens refers to two other cases still proceeding—one in which the costs amount to £70,000, and in the other to double that figure, remarking, "If I wanted other authorities for Jarndyce and Jarndyce, I would rain them on these pages, to the shame of—a parsimonious public.

The idea of involving Mr. Pickwick in a breach of promise suit, of making him the victim of a miscarriage of justice, of his persistent refusal to pay even one farthing of the damages, was purely to have him imprisoned in the Fleet, so that Dickens could give his readers a picture of the poor side of a debtor's prison, of which he had himself had bitter experience. That Mr. Pickwick might associate with shabby vagabonds who were the product of such prisons, and contrast with them the poor simple creatures who were their sacrifices and victims. The dreadful restlessness of the place, undefined yet unceasingly unsatisfying and terrible, was pictured throughout with minute reality.

That he succeeded in both directions there is no doubt. It is, necessary only to view the conditions obtaining now to appreciate fully what men like Dickens have done for us. Although it was not until 1873 that the great reform in the judicial system took place, he lived to see a number of other reforms, and what a joy it must have been to him. In the last preface to *Pickwick Papers*, he writes, "Legal reforms have pared the claws of Dodson and Fogg, a spirit of self-respect, mutual forbearance, education and co-operation for such good ends, has diffused itself among their clerks, places far apart are brought together, to the present convenience of the public, and to

the certain destruction, in time, of a host of petty jealousies, blindnesses, and prejudices, by which the public alone have always been sufferers ; the laws relating to imprisonment for debt are altered, and the Fleet Prison is pulled down."

VII.

In both of these books there is a word of warning to many. To all who wish to dispose of their goods and chattels : be especially careful in formulating your instructions so that no difficulty may arise in construing your intentions.

To those who happen to be the fortunate recipients of dispositions, even though they may not come up to expectations : do not be hasty in expressing your dissatisfaction and weigh up the pros and cons with care before you decide to seek the assistance of the law in settling your differences, always remembering that there is much truth in the proverb that you should never look a gift horse in the mouth.

To those ladies who may aspire to matrimonial bliss, whether they be experienced or inexperienced: remember that man is a fickle creature, and do not be mislead even by the mildest flattery, for often he means what he does not say, and just as often he says what he does not mean, and lastly:

To all bachelors who may like to consider the advice of old Tony Weller : " If ever you feels disposed to go a marryin' anybody—no matter who—jist you shut yourself up in your room, if you've got one, and pison yourself off hand. Hangin's wulgar, so don't you have nothin' to say to that. Pison yourself Samivel, my boy, pison yourself, and you'll be glad on it afterwards."

A MIRROR OF ENGLISH CHARACTER*

The only fault we have to find with Mr. Blyton's survey of English character, culled from the novelists, is in the Index. According to it there are various pages devoted to Hardy, Shakespeare, Rutherford, Wells, and others, but only one to Dickens ; and the titles of a dozen or more well-known novels are indexed in italics, but not one of Dickens's. Yet this book is full of Dickens, apart from Chapter X specially devoted to a " New Point " about him, to say nothing of Chapter V, " The Stiggins Family " (no reference to Stiggins in the index; but we notice " London of Dickens " there, all solitary, as though there are no references in the book to the London of anybody else !).

Mr. Blyton refrains from quoting Dickens in his Dickens chapter, rightly saying " he is blood-brother to thousands of ordinary people " and it would be rather like quoting " Cinderella " or " Babes in the Wood," they are so much in the hearts of the people. But there are considerable quotations from Dickens on other pages, to serve the useful purpose of pointing the moral.

We have nothing but praise for this excellent review of the English character through the English novelist. It is becoming increasingly necessary for the Dickens lover to know and to understand something about the other writers among whom Dickens still stands supreme ; and we know of no other book that will give the desired information in such authoritative and readable form.

*We are Observed, A Mirror of English Character, by W. J. Blyton. 7s. 6d. John Murray.

THE VOICE OF BUMBLE

Do you know this here voice, Oliver ? . . . Ain't you afraid of it, sir ? Ain't you a-trembling while I speak, sir ?

* * * * *

Mr. Limkins, I beg your pardon, sir ! Oliver Twist has asked for more.

* * * * *

Of all the artful and designing orphans that ever I see, Oliver, you are one of the most bare-facedest.

* * * * *

Juries is ineddicated, vulgar, grovelling wretches . . . I despise 'em.

* * * * *

It's not madness, ma'am ; it's meat . . . you've over-fed him, ma'am. You've raised a artificial soul and spirit in him, ma'am, unbecoming to a person of his condition.

* * * * *

What have paupers to do with soul or spirit ?

* * * * *

A porochial life . . . is a life of worrit, and vexation, and hardihood ; but all public characters, as I may say, must suffer prosecution.

* * * * *

Out-of-door relief, properly managed, is the porochial safeguard. The great principle of out-of-door relief is, to give the paupers exactly what they don't want ; and then they get tired of coming.

* * * * *

I'm a very determined officer, with very uncommon strength, if I'm once roused. I only want a little rousing, that's all.

* * * * *

Anti-porochial weather this. We've given away a matter of twenty quartern loaves and a cheese and a half, this very blessed afternoon ; and yet them paupers are not contented.

* * * * *

Here's one man that, in consideration of his wife and large family, has a quartern loaf and a good pound of cheese, full weight. Is he grateful ? Not a copper farthing's worth of it. What does he do, but ask for a few coals ; if it's only a pocket handkerchief full, he says ! Coals ! What would he do with coals ?

* * * * *

Give 'em a apron full of coals to-day, and they'll come back for another, the day after to-morrow, as brazen as alabaster.

* * * * *

If the law supposes that* the law is a ass—a idiot. If that's the eye of the law, the law is a bachelor ; and the worst I wish the law is, that his eye may be opened by experience—by experience.

* That a wife acts under the direction of her husband.

AUTHOR AND ARTIST

THE CLAIMS OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK DEFINITELY REFUTED AFTER ONE HUNDRED YEARS AND THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW WORK BY DICKENS

I.

IN December last a series of forty-three letters of Dickens to Cruikshank first saw the light of day, and were sold at Hodgson's for £665.

It was somewhat surprising that Cruikshank had kept them, for they gave the lie to his statement that he had suggested the original idea of the story of *Oliver Twist* and that Dickens " had to weave in such scenes as I wished to represent."

Forster, in the first volume of the " Life " (1871), refuted the claim in no mean terms. " There would hardly have been a doubt," he wrote, " if the fable had been confined to the other side of the Atlantic ; but it has been reproduced and widely circulated on this side also ; and the distinguished artist whom it calumniates by fathering its invention upon him, either not conscious of it or not caring to defend himself, has been left undefended from the slander."

Cruikshank took up the challenge and wrote a long letter to " The Times " on 30th December, 1871, in which he said that the writer in America had confused the circumstances, but " there is no doubt whatever that I did tell this gentleman that I was the originator of the story of Oliver Twist as I have told many others who have spoken to me on the subject." So much for a general statement. What follows is even more interesting : " I suggested to Mr. Dickens that he should write the life of a London boy, and strongly advised him to do this, assuring him that I would furnish him with the subject and supply him with the characters, which my large experience of London life would entitle me to do . . . Mr. Dickens agreed to act upon my suggestion and the work was commenced."

In publishing the second volume of the " Life " the following year, Forster proved the utter falsity of the general statement that Dickens owed these characters to Cruikshank's drawings by printing in fascimile a copy of a letter from the author to the artist raising an objection to the last of the illustrations supplied, the one representing Oliver, Rose, and her husband in a group round the fire, and now known as " The Fireside Plate." " May I ask you," wrote Dickens, " whether you will object to designing this plate afresh, and doing so *at once*, in order that as few impressions as possible of the present one may go forth ? I feel confident you know me too well to feel hurt by this enquiry, and with equal confidence in you I have lost no time in preferring it."

Was this the sort of letter Dickens would have written to Cruikshank if in truth he had been writing up to the artist's drawings ? And, if such were really the case, would the artist have designed a fresh plate, as he did ; the well-known one of Olive and Rose in front of the tablet to the memory of Oliver's mother ?

II.

The first letter concerning the illustrations for *Oliver Twist* was written from Furnival's Inn on a Monday morning; like all the other early letters to Cruikshank, this letter is undated, but we are able to fix the date with certainty, as it refers to the birth of a son and heir on the previous Friday, the 6th January, 1837. The first chapter of the novel *Oliver Twist* was not to appear in "Bentley's Miscellany" until the next month, and the writing of the story had not even been commenced three weeks before publication. "The bustle, et cetera, has rather put me out this month," explains Dickens. "I want you to give me as long a time to prepare the subject in as you can, on my promise to behave better next time. Say until what day you can conveniently give me, and I will call on you at your own time and settle the illustration."

Before commenting on the importance of this letter, let us quote from the next one, written on the 15th February, 1837, concerning the third and fourth chapters that were to appear in March. "The accompanying MS," writes Dickens, "is the next chapter of Oliver Twist; there will be another, a short one, in the same number. The place which I think will make a good illustration is at p. 17, but to understand it thoroughly I fear you will have to read the whole. We had better not give Oliver's real master and mistress this number, because we shall want them in the next place, and for this reason I have substituted a preliminary negotiation with Mr. Gamfield, the sweep."

The part chosen for the illustration of the first instalment of two chapters was the now famous one of "Oliver asking for More." It will be noted that these two chapters had not been written on January 9th; that Dickens was to write them, call on Cruikshank and settle with him what incident he should illustrate, and that the MS. and picture were to be in the printers' hands, the proofs corrected, and the number published, all within twenty-two days. There was even less time given for consideration over the illustration for the next instalment. Dickens sent Chapter 3 to Cruikshank, and indicated the subject for illustration—the appearance of Oliver before "the Board." Dickens did not even have an interview with Cruikshank on this occasion. He was spending a short holiday in Kent with his wife and the baby; "If you have anything to say to me, my brother will forward it," the letter continues.

Any claim that Fagin and his friends were suggested by Cruikshank's earlier drawings of similar characters is countered by the next letter, referring to the first introduction of Oliver into the den of thieves—Chapter 8—which appeared in the May number. "I enclose you," writes Dickens, "the first eleven slips of Oliver which I will send for on Monday morning early" (the letter was written on a Friday night in April). "I think you will find a very good subject at page 10, which we will call 'Oliver's reception by Fagin and the boys.' In haste, faithfully yours."

There is no suggestion here that the author would call upon the artist to discuss the drawing; or that the author was writing up to a

picture already drawn by the artist. Yet the claim to have originated Fagin, Sikes, Nancy, and the rest of the Field Lane crowd reported by Shelton Mackenzie in an American Magazine was explained away by Cruikshank in his letter to " The Times," after Dickens's death, by the following statement: " nearly all the designs were made from conversations and mutual suggestions upon each subject ! "

" I enclose you a ' go ' of Oliver " is the commencement of another letter, continuing " and although I am of necessity in that part of the story which is not so productive of subjects for illustration as in the sequel it will become when I have cleared two chapters more, I hope you will find something in it suitable to your purpose."

A somewhat peculiar letter for the author to send to the artist if the latter was to furnish the subjects and supply the characters, as alleged.

Here is another letter from Dickens to the same effect: " I have written a long chapter since I saw you, but it has no subject. In the course of the week I will send you some more copy. In the meantime may I venture to call your attention to the last published No. (which I enclose) and to suggest that possibly there may be one more subject there ? I confess that I thought there was when I wrote it."

And another: " Will you give the bearer (the printer) the copy you have of Oliver. If you have not read it, you can have it back again. They want to cast it off."

With all this evidence before us as to the submission of the MS. by Dickens to Cruikshank for the purpose of illustration, it seems almost incredible that the latter's letter to " The Times " should contain this definite statement—" *never saw any MS. of Mr. Dickens until the work was nearly finished.*"

There is, however, a suggestion of some sort of consultation between author and artist in a letter, as usual undated, asking " Shall you be at home at two o'clock to-day ? I have been prevented from writing Oliver, so perhaps had better settle the illustration with you, at that time, if convenient. A verbal answer will do."

The explanation probably was that Dickens was late with his " copy," so proposed to call on Cruikshank to describe some incident to him in order that he could get on with the necessary illustration. An echo of some such conversation as then ensued, may possibly account for the next letter, concerning one of the final set of pictures.

" I find on writing it, that the scene of Sikes's escape will not do for illustration. It is so very complicated, with such a multitude of figures, such violent action, and torch light to boot, that a small plate could not take in the slightest idea of it."

But the genius of Cruikshank was able to overcome such a difficulty, as the illustration he provided fully testifies.

A possible earlier occasion when Dickens was too late with his story to allow the MS. to be sent to the artist, occasioned Dickens on one occasion to describe the required scene in detail. " I have described a *small* kettle for one on the fire—a *small* black teapot on the table with a little tray and so forth—and a two ounce tin tea cannister. Also a shawl hanging up—and the cat and kittens before the fire." That

was all; and the well-known picture of Mr. Bumble taking tea with Mrs. Corney embodying all these features was the result.

Most certainly, as Forster wrote on the very small evidence at that time before him, "I am spared the necessity of characterising the tale [of Shelton Mackenzie] by the one unpolite word (in three letters) which alone would have been applicable to it."

III.

This same bundle of letters, however, does point to a collaboration between author and artist which has hitherto been doubted and even denied. In 1841 there was published a little *jeu d'esprit* entitled "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman" with illustrations by George Cruikshank. The name of the author was not given, but it has generally been ascribed to Thackeray; due, no doubt, to the resemblance it bears in its metre, to his rhyme about "Little Billee."

It has been said at times that Dickens was the author; but this was denied by Henry Burnett, his brother-in-law, who asserted that Dickens had nothing to do with it, that the song was one that Cruikshank himself sung on many occasions at convivial gatherings, and that the artist had hummed over the tune to him so that he could write the music for inclusion in the little publication.

This was a phase of Dickens's work that he kept a dead secret even from his brother-in-law, for he most certainly had a hand in the song itself, revised it for publication, and definitely wrote the humorous notes which accompanied it. Let the following letters to Cruikshank speak for themselves.

They are both from Elm Cottage, Petersham, which Dickens had rented in May, 1839, for four months. The first reads: "I send you the song. I have altered a line or a word here and there, and substituted a new last verse for the old one. I have also added some notes, though it was not easy to make anything of them, for the song's too good. I have not been able to see Mrs. Burnett. She lives in Argyll Street, Kings Cross—the last house but one on the left—name on the door. Your best plan will be to write her a line and ask her when you can call and hum the tune while she takes it down. *Tell her to be sure to mark the shakes and the expression.* You had better let me have the proofs to look over."

That letter was written on a Friday night; the other bearing on the subject is dated "Wednesday morning," but we do not know how long after the first.

"I understand that the Morning Post yesterday," writes Dickens, "mentioned me as 'the author of the Introduction and notes' to Lord Bateman. Pray be strict in not putting this about, as I am particularly—most particularly—anxious to remain unknown in the matter, for weighty reasons.

"You never did anything like those etchings—never."

* * * * *

We are indebted to Court de Suzannet for placing these letters at our disposal for the purpose of this article. W. D.

LETTERS TO JOHN LEECH

NOW FIRST PRINTED

(*continued from page* 13)

II.

AN echo of the performance of " Every Man In His Humour " is to be found in the only letter of 1846, undated, but written on the twenty-third of January.

Devonshire Terrace
Friday [23rd January 1846]

My Dear Leech,

I am going (on account of not having enough to do) to sit to Leslie as Bobadil. Can you send me my legs—my red legs I mean—in the course of tomorrow ?

Ever Yours
C.D.

The painting of Dickens as Captain Bobadil by C. R. Leslie, R.A., is well known, but we have no knowledge of what led to Leech being in the possession of Dickens's hose.

The end of 1845 witnessed the first illustrations by John Leech in " Punch," of the series accompanying the remarkable war urged by that paper over a period of years against the two London newspapers, the " Herald " and the " Standard " to which were assigned the respective nicknames of Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris.*

There is only one letter during the next year, although the amateur players took " Every Man In His Humour " to Manchester and Liverpool in July, in aid of the funds for Leigh Hunt and John Poole, when Leech played his old part.

Devonshire Terrace
Fourteenth December 1847.

My Dear Sir,

I do not doubt, in my own mind, that you unconsciously exaggerate the evil done by the colourers. You can't think how much better they will look in a neat book, than you suppose. But I have sent a strong despatch to C and H, and will report to you when I hear from them. I quite agree with you, that it is a point of great importance.

Faithfully Yours
C.D.

John Leech, Esquire.

The mention of " the colourers " in this letter is somewhat cryptic, but may have had reference to the projected publication in the next year, of the series of drawings contributed to " Punch " by Leech during 1847, entitled " The Rising Generation." When these were published separately in 1848, they shewed a marked improvement on the original drawings, and were coloured by hand. A highly

* This matter will be fully dealt with in the next number of *The Dickensian*.

appreciative review of them was written by Dickens for Forster's paper, " The Examiner."

During this year Leech drew four large Dickens cartoons for " Punch." The first was on 13th February, when Buss's famous cricket picture was utilised (and wrongly attributed to Seymour) for " O'Connell Stumped Out." " Electing a Chancellor " (from Cruikshank's drawing " Electing a Beadle " for *Sketches by Boz*) on 6th March, " Dombey and Son " on 28th August (the book was then only half-way through its publication in monthly numbers), and " The Fagin of France " on 2nd October.*

The year 1848 was much more fruitful as regards letters between the two men, although none of them refer to the little trip to Salisbury and district taken in March in company with Forster and Lemon.

" Animal Magnetism " referred to in the first was the farce in which Leech played the part of the Marquis de Lancy on May 15th, 1848, at the Haymarket Theatre, in aid of the fund for the curatorship of Shakespeare's birthplace, when " The Merry Wives of Windsor " was also acted, with Leech as Slender. The plays were repeated at Birmingham on 6th and 27th June.

Devonshire Terrace
Sunday May Seventh 1848.

My Dear Leech,

I am so uneasy about " Animal Magnetism " that I cannot help writing you a note on the subject of your part.

It is of the greatest importance to the Piece. That the words should be correctly spoken, is essential—because so much of the business depends upon them and takes its cue from them, that the farce and everybody in it go staggering and wandering about, at a dead stoppage and loss, unless they are spoken at the right time. Thus, last night, although all the rest are nearly if not quite perfect, all were perplexed and put out by the gallant Marquis And this, at the two most critical points of the piece, especially.

If you could get the words you would play it capitally, and look it too infinitely better then any other among us. But I am quite sure that if you cannot get the words by the next Rehearsal, you will be placed in a most uncomfortable and awkward position on the night, in a first piece of that kind, and will maim the piece dreadfully, besides. What I would urge upon you is—if you feel you can safely and certainly get them, do get them at once (and this, I should like much better than anything else) but if you have a doubt about it, or feel that you cannot get them, will it not be better to try and get some one else into the part, before it is too late ? At a week's notice there would be little difficulty in filling it, but to let the time run out, without being perfect yourself or enabling us to become so either, would not only be injurious to the play but most mortifying to you, I am certain. Believe me, if you are not in a condition to rehearse such a character perfectly, at least three times, it is sure to be distressing on the night of performance. The rapidity of the farce, the interruptions of the audience, and the exaggeration of the whole thing are enough to drive words out of any head that

* See *The Dickensian*, 1936, pp. 38, 49, 246 and 259 respectively.

does not hold entire command of them; and such a situation is very ridiculous.

Do think of this, and tell me when we meet tomorrow what you feel safest and surest in deciding on.

Always Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens.

John Leech, Esquire.

P.S.—I am not sure whether you have a Pass for the Haymarket stage-door. I enclose you one.

Leech did not attend the reunion of the amateur actors at Greenwich —owing probably to the state of his wife's health at the time; but he went to Birmingham and played his old part of Slender in "The Merry Wives." He did not go to Scotland in July, and does not appear to have taken part in performances in aid of the Guild of Literature and Art, other than the inaugural ones at Knebworth in 1850, when he played his old parts in "Every Man In His Humour" and "Animal Magnetism."

Devonshire Terrace
Eighteenth May 1848.

My Dear Leech,

It has been proposed, as a social reunion of our little Company, that we should dine together at Greenwich on Tuesday next, at a cost not exceeding five and twenty shillings each. Will you be one of the party? I hope on that day to be able to announce the country arrangements.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens.

John Leech, Esq.

Devonshire Terrace.
Thirteenth June 1848.

My Dear Leech,

I need not, I am sure, tell you how sorry I have been both for your absence from the late most pleasant excursion, or for the occasion of it, or how very much we all missed you.

I do not write, therefore, on that head, but with a view to the next. And what I am obliged to do, is, to ask you at once to decide whether you will undertake to go, or not. I will shew you why the point cannot be left open. On Tuesday week, there will be another performance at Birmingham. I must send down the complete bill directly. In July there will be performances in Edinburgh and Glasgow. I must send down complete bills there, and have been already asked for them. If you don't go, it will be necessary for me to play Slender, and for Topham to play Shallow. I cannot ask him to study Shallow on the chance, nor can the dresses be altered on the chance. So the whole proceedings are really at a stand-still, and they must be wound up and set going. The interval is short—Topham has never been in the play—the bills must be sent off—and if changes are to be made, it is indispensable that they should be made at once. If made, they cannot be changed again.

Nobody but you can decide. If you feel the least uneasiness or doubt about your little child, however, then I would urge you to abandon the thought of going, for the sake of the play itself—with which we really could do nothing if you came in again, and failed us at last. If you feel it, according to all human calculation and your own resolution, safe to undertake to go, then rush into the arms of the company as its long-lost offspring. But the essential thing, is, that one way or other the matter be made certain, and nothing left in peril. Therefore I ask you to decide it finally, and so as to leave us no reasonable likelihood of a chance of discomfiture.

Always my Dear Leech
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens.

John Leech, Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace.
Fifteenth June 1848.
Thursday.

My Dear Leech,

I have sent down the Birmingham bill (Tuesday week; not Tuesday) with your name for Slender. In the Scotch bills, I have put myself down for Slender, and omitted you.

Faithfully Yours
C.D.

John Leech, Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace.
Thursday Twenty Second June [1848]

My Dear Leech,

My mind misgives me that I said Saturday today, for our appointment. I meant Monday of course, in any case.

Ever Faithfully,
C.D.

Dickens spent the summer of 1848 at Broadstairs, and here Leech visited him, but we have no details. Dickens's sister Fanny (Mrs. Henry Burnett) died of consumption early in September, aged thirty-eight. Her little son stood for the portrait of Paul Dombey.

On September 3rd, Leech's cartoon "The Parliamentary Toots" appeared in "Punch."*

Devonshire Terrace.
Wednesday Sixth September
1848.

My Dear Leech,

I hoist this signal in token of our return to Broadstairs, soon.

My poor sister is to be buried on Friday, and we propose coming back by the Little Western on Saturday morning.

Kate and Georgy send their love to Mrs. Leech. To which I add something as near my ditto, as is lawful and right.

* See *The Dickensian*, 1936, page 247.

It is a sad thing to see the little deformed boy whom my sister has left half unconscious of his bereavement. It is sad and melancholy, altogether.

Faithfully Yours always

Charles Dickens.

John Leech, Esquire.

Broadstairs.
Twenty First September 1848.

My Dear Leech,

Mr. Pitt, being asked to dinner by the Duchess of Gordon, at eight o'clock, replied that he was engaged to sup with the Bishop of Lincoln, at seven.

Faithfully Ever

Charles Dickens.

Devonshire Terrace
Monday 9th Oct. 1848.

My Dear Leech,

I would rather, if I may beg leave, change the curry-eating engagement to Wednesday week at the same hour. Remember the meeting here, at 2 on Saturday afternoon.

Ever Yours

C.D.

Devonshire Terrace.
Monday Twenty Third October
1848.

My Dear Leech,

There is rather a good Britannia Saloon Bill, out, announcing a gentleman with a wooden leg to dance the Highland Fling. There is a portrait of him in the bill, with his wooden leg highly ornamented with rosettes.

It appears to me that this demands our attention. Egg says he would like to go with us, and that if you send him round a note, proposing an evening and a time for calling on him, he will, with yearnings, respond. Therefore if you'll send me one line, mentioning what evening this week you'll both call here—say at 7—I will be (as you know I ALWAYS AM) to the fore at the appointed time.

Ever Faithfully,

C.D.

Devonshire Terrace.
Wednesday Twenty Fifth October
1848.

My Dear Leech,

On Friday Evening I shall expect you, and shall be (D.V.) ready for you.

Ever Faithfully,

C.D.

The next letter refers to the dramatisation by Mark Lemon of the Christmas book for that year, *The Haunted Man*, which Dickens was just completing. It was produced at the Adelphi Theatre.

Devonshire Terrace.
Sunday Night.
October Twenty Ninth 1848.

My Dear Leech,

Lemon (whose devotion to Webster you know) suggested to me afar off, the other day, that the character of the book might, for stage purposes, be made to approach unto the resemblance of certain actors ! I "repudiated" such an idea, immediately, but in case he should have mentioned it to you, I write to say that I "utterly detest abominate and abjure" it.

I know he would say nothing about it, except in perfect good faith and honor. But as he may, by some remote possibility, have thrown it out, I put you in possession of my sentiments there anent.

Ever Yours faithfully

C.D.

I hope Morgan came soon, and that Baby's better.

Mrs. Leech's baby unfortunately lived only a few months, and further references to its health, and death, will be found in later letters.

Meantime, the matter of illustration for *The Haunted Man* was engaging Dickens's attention, and the majority of the letters for the remaining part of the year refer to them.

Leech was responsible for five of the drawings, and Tenniel for the same number. Stanfield supplied two. F. W. Topham did not draw any illustrations for Dickens until a few years later, when he supplied the frontispieces to *A Child's History of England*.

Devonshire Terrace.
Monday Night.
Thirtieth October 1848.

My Dear Leech,

I am quite delighted to find that you like what is done of the book, so well. I was pleased myself when I read it, and thought it a pretty idea. May Heaven speed it ! And make everybody as much interested as I am !

Mr. Tenniel has been here today and will go to work on the frontispiece. We must arrange for a dinner here, very shortly, when you and he may meet. He seems to be a very agreeable fellow, and modest.

Kate will still hope to see Mrs. Leech if she can come out. I am really distressed by what you say about your baby. But babies do fight through most wonderful adversities, and there is always as much hope as life with them.

Perhaps you will look in tonight ? Nobody here but Egg.

Ever Heartily,

C.D.

Devonshire Terrace.
Saturday Eighteenth November
1848.

My Dear Leech,

Do it by all means.

I am going up to Stanfield tonight, and will communicate with you again, when I know what he intends to take for his subjects.

Ever Faithfully,

C.D.

Devonshire Terrace.
Sunday Morning. November Nineteenth, 1848.

My Dear Leech,

All work and no play makes Jack (Leech) a dull boy.

I have a propogician.

I want to go to Brighton tomorrow. Will you come—returning at night ? Fast mail leaves at 10. We could breakfast here at twenty minutes before 9, and have a delicious day's walk on the margin of the briny. The impulse to exertion next day would be absolutely terrific. I have no doubt you would smash the haunted man, out of hand.

" reply, reply, re-ply ! "

(Old Tone dines here today, by the bye, at 5—in case there should be any indispensable necessity for conference between us, in regard to the H.M.)

Ever Faithfully,

C.D.

Devonshire Terrace.
Nineteenth November [1848].

My Dear Leech,

I am finishing part 2 (very strikingly I hope—ahem !) and will wait at home 'till you come, when I am going up to Topham's (will you ?) to look at a picture he is making for me. I dispatch this, express, to ask you to entreat Lemon to go to Brighton with us.

Ever Faithfully,

C.D.

The illustration referred to in the last paragraph of the following letter, " The Christmas Party in the Great Dinner Hall," was finally entrusted to Stanfield.

Devonshire Terrace.
Twenty Second November 1848.

My Dear Leech,

I send the stick with this.

Your illustrations in the second part will be, I suppose, the Tetterby family and the boy at the fire. Unless anything else should strike you particularly, these would " do," I think. But speed is now of transcendant importance.

I am going to the Bedford at Brighton, today. Early next week I will describe the large illustration of the dinner to you.

Faithfully Ever

C.D.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton.
First December 1848.

My Dear Leech,

I send this letter up, in a parcel to Whitefriars, to be immediately sent on to you.

You will have a rough proof of the third part, I have no doubt, tomorrow night. The time being so very pressing, and you so pressed, I have thought it best (acting, I hope, as you would have me) to write to Stanfield and ask him if he will do that dinner in the old hall, to conclude with. If done at all, it will necessarily be a very full subject, for which I fear you would not have leisure. Anything else in the third part is free from illustration, except Milly surrounded by the children, which Stone has done. Bradbury told me that you wished to do some comedy. You will find plenty of bits, I trust, in connexion with the Tetterby family.

I write so hurriedly that I have hardly time to send Kate's and Georgy's love to Mrs. Leech, and add all cordial remembrances from myself.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CHARLES DICKENS.

John Leech, Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace
Friday Twenty Ninth Decr.
1848.

My Dear Leech,

I should like to have a walk, also a talk, about going out of town. Don't you think we might improve upon the Isle of Wight, and find out some other place where there is something to see, and where men resort ? I am going to take down the beauties of England and Wales presently (in 30 vols. thick 8°) and look over them.

Let me know tomorrow, what you say to Monday. Anywhere, or any hour, all one to

Yours ever

C.D.

The Isle of Wight idea matured the following summer, when the Leech and Dickens families spent part of their holiday at Bonchurch.

We have to thank several readers for pointing out that Dickens's reference to a sketch by Leech in a letter to Harley (see page 6 of the Winter number) was no doubt to the drawing, in possession of the late John F. Dexter, which Mr. William Miller reproduced in his reprint of *The Strange Gentleman* in 1928. Mr. Miller has kindly sent me the block, and the drawing appears on the opposite page.

THE EDITOR.

Leech's drawing of J. P. Harley as the Strange Gentleman, from the Collection of the late John F. Dexter, by kind permission of Mr. William Miller

WHO——

1. Eschewed gloves, and looked upon the whole, something like a dissipated Robinson Crusoe.
2. Setting aside her natural predilections as a woman, went to a lying-in or a laying-out with equal zest and relish.
3. Carried a pair of first-rate spectacles on his forehead, and a tremendous chronometer in his fob.
4. Had the eyes of a microscope and a telescope combined, when they were unassisted.
5. Had to stir the pudding for next day, with a copper-stick, from seven to eight by the Dutch clock.
6. Was soon as well known on the Norwood Road as the postman on that beat.
7. Overpowered by her feelings as a mother, sinks on her sofa in the Cleopatra attitude.
8. Had his Virgil stop on, and was slowly grinding that tune to four young gentlemen.
9. Presented altogether rather a mildewey appearance, and emitted a fragrant odour of full-flavoured Cubas.
10. If he had only learnt a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more.
11. Carried one stained beaver glove, which he dangled before him by the forefinger as he walked or sat ; but even its fellow was a secret.
12. Had such a prevailing redness of skin, that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nut-meg grater instead of soap.
13. Swallowed, or rather snapped up, every mouthful, too soon and too fast ; and he looked sideways here and there while he ate, as if he thought there was danger in every direction of somebody's coming to take the pie away.
14. Cared for nothing in life, or beyond it, save the gratification of two passions, avarice, the first and predominant appetite of his nature, and hatred, the second . . . and in his own heart exulted over and cherished every bad design as it had birth.
15. Made himself master of all the strong and weak points of the game ; who registered the cards in his mind as they fell about him, knew exactly what was on them, what they missed and what they made ; who was crafty to find out what the other players held, and who never betrayed his own hand.
16. Had an extraordinary repugnance to dining in company ; would never do so if it were possible to escape. Would always plead that she had this bit of work to begin first, or that bit of work to finish first ; and would, of a certainty, scheme and plan—not very cunningly, it would seem, for she deceived no one—to dine alone.
17. Had been reared up in a sterner school than the minds of most young girls are formed in ; she had had her nature strengthened by the hands of hard endurance and necessity ; had come out from her young trials constant, self-denying, earnest and devoted.

(The Answers will be printed in the Summer number.)

DICKENS AND MANCHESTER

By F. R. DEAN

I.

FEW places outside London and Rochester can claim closer connection with Dickens than Manchester, associations that were of three kinds—personal, literary, and public.

The personal associations were due to the residence in Manchester of his sister, Fanny, and her husband, Henry Burnett; and his first schoolmaster, the Rev. William Giles, Jun., and his brother.

The literary connection with the city lies in the fact that here he found several of the characters for his novels, notably the Cheeryble Brothers (William and Daniel Grant), Paul Dombey (his sister Fanny's invalid son), and Polly Toodle (the little boy's nurse). In Lancashire he placed the background of *Hard Times* and *George Silverman's Explanation*. And lastly, here was conceived his greatest short story, *A Christmas Carol*.

His public appearances in Manchester consisted of three meetings at which he made important speeches, a complimentary dinner, and many appearances in amateur theatricals and public readings from his works.

Dickens owed his first introduction to Manchester to Harrison Ainsworth. Strangely enough, though John Forster was indebted to Ainsworth for his introduction to Dickens, he has little to say about Ainsworth in his "Life of Dickens." Fortunately, however, S. M. Ellis, in his book "William Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends," gives us more information about the association of the two most popular novelists of the time.

It was in 1834 that Ainsworth and Dickens first became acquainted. In April of that year Ainsworth's novel "Rookwood," with its marvellous description of Dick Turpin's ride from London to York, had been published by Richard Bentley. It was a tremendous success, making its author one of the most-talked-of men of the day. Just about that time Dickens's first sketches were appearing in "The Monthly Magazine." They attracted the notice of Ainsworth, who urged Dickens to publish them in volume form, and introduced him to his own publisher, Macrone. George Cruikshank, Ainsworth's illustrator, was commissioned to draw the illustrations for the book. We can imagine how flattered the young man would be to be noticed by this highly successful author. (Ainsworth was almost exactly seven years older than Dickens.) This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted some years. Fame came to Dickens with the publication of *Pickwick*. Then came *Nicholas Nickleby*, and it was this book which first brought Dickens to Manchester.

On October 31st, 1838, Ainsworth wrote to his friend, James Crossley, of Manchester:—

> "I write a few hasty lines to apprise you that you are likely in the course of this week or the beginning of next to have some illustrious visitors. Dickens has just started for Stratford-upon-

Avon and Chester accompanied by Mr. Browne (the 'Phiz' of *Pickwick* and *Nickleby*). He will reach Manchester on Saturday, I believe. On Sunday next Forster starts per railroad to join him, and I suppose on Monday they will call on you, as they are armed with letters of introduction to you. Dickens's object is to see the interior of a cotton mill, I fancy with reference to some of his publications. I have given him letters to G. Winter and Hugh Beaver . . . Forster and Dickens will only remain in Manchester till Wednesday."

The letter which Dickens carried was worded as follows:—

"I am sure it will give you pleasure to receive this note, handed to you, as it will be, by my friend Mr. Charles Dickens, and I am equally sure it will give you pleasure to show him any attention in your power during his stay in Manchester. I rather suspect he is reconnoitring for character and, perhaps, you may aid his researches; but at all events you will help him to the best glass of wine in Manchester, and that will materially assist his judgment in coming to a favourable conclusion of the habits of my townsmen. I greatly regret that I cannot accompany him. I forgot to mention that Mr. Browne, the artist who illustrates Nicholas, will travel with Dickens, so that I must beg you to extend your hospitality to him. Pray let them see the club* and taste its cookery. I now wish to add a special introduction for my friend Forster. He is Dickens's most intimate friend as well as mine and he visits Manchester in order to see it in company with Dickens."

The G. Winter referred to was Gilbert Winter, a prominent solicitor in Manchester, who occupied a perfectly appointed house in Cheetham Hill known as Stocks House. Ainsworth gave Mr. Winter a hint that Dickens wished to see the Grants, whom he (Ainsworth) had known from boyhood, when he used to see them in Cross Street Chapel and elsewhere in Manchester. He had frequently told Dickens of the two brothers, their remarkable history, their personal traits and certain peculiarities of dress and manner, believing that the Grants would furnish excellent characters for the observant "Boz" to study, assimilate, and subsequently introduce into one of his books. Ainsworth was right; Dickens, as *Nicholas Nickleby* progressed, finding it necessary to create some characters who would assist Nicholas on his way and play the part of benefactors, determined to make use of and study from life the two quaint, benevolent merchants of his friend's native town. Acting on Ainsworth's hint, Winter invited the brothers to the dinner he gave in honour of Dickens, who then saw his "Cheeryble Brothers" for the first time.

S. M. Ellis notes in his book, on the authority of Miss Hogarth, that a portrait of Daniel Grant always hung in a prominent place in all Dickens's houses—it was on the staircase at Gad's Hill.

For the full story of the Grant Brothers I would refer the reader to my article in *The Dickensian*, 1930, pp. 142-9. The warehouse they occupied in Cannon Street was demolished some years ago, but their

*Mrs. Fisher's hostel in Smithy Door, where Ainsworth and Crossley used to spend their evenings in the old days.

town residence at 15 Mosley Street still stands, being the offices of the L.M.S. Railway. The tower erected by the brothers in memory of their parents, and the church which they built and which contains many interesting memorials of the family, are to be seen at Ramsbottom.

Dr. James Bower, a cousin of Ainsworth, has recorded that " Mr. Dickens was then writing *Nicholas Nickleby*, and I well remember his reading the proofs of his novel and smiling at his own writings. He was then a smart looking young man of rather effeminate appearance, wearing long hair, very much like the picture of the hero of the story . . . I still call to mind his polished boots and drawing-room-like attire."

Mr. Hugh Beaver, too, related that on another day in Manchester, Dickens, after reading an unfavourable criticism of one of his books, wherein it was said of the work, " what is good is not original, and what is original is not good " was greatly upset, and stamped up and down the room, with the annoying review in his hand, swearing " They shall eat their words ! "

Dickens, Forster, and Phiz were only in Manchester three days, but they found time to go out to Cheadle Hall, Cheshire,* to see Ainsworth's three little girls, who were at a boarding school there. The three young men took three books, duly inscribed and autographed, to present to the three girls, who had never seen their visitors before. One of these books, Agnes Strickland's " Juvenile Scrap Book," bearing Dickens's autograph, was sold at Sotheby's in 1896 for the ridiculously low sum of £1 3s.

Ainsworth's three friends evidently enjoyed their visit to Manchester, for he wrote to Crossley on November 14th :—

> " Dickens and Forster called on me on Sunday to give me an account of the expedition and to bring me their two Olivers—Twist and Cromwell. Have you read *Oliver Twist* ? If not you have a treat in store. Dickens is an excellent fellow—I am glad you like him—and so is my friend Fury-Fire-the-Faggot. The twain expressed themselves highly—most highly delighted with your and G. Winter's attention."

II.

The next visit of Dickens to Manchester was actually in company with Ainsworth, in January, 1839. A number of prominent citizens in Manchester had arranged to entertain Ainsworth and Dickens to a banquet. A rather awkward situation arose. It would seem that in the first place the invitation was to Ainsworth, who invited his friend to accompany him. Later there appeared to be some doubt as to which of the two was to be the principal guest, or whether they were to be equally honoured. However, there was not the slightest ill-feeling on the matter. Ainsworth arranged for himself, Dickens, and Forster to stay with his connection, Mr Hugh Beaver, at the Temple, and Ainsworth wrote to James Crossley :—

" We start for Manchester positively on Friday the 11th of January,

* See entry in Dickens's Diary, quoted in W. Dexter's " The England of Dickens," page 135 : " Wednesday Nov. 7. Chaise to Cheadle. £1 . 1 . 0."

sleep the first night at Tamworth, where a brother of Dickens resides;* and proceed by railway next morning for our destination. . . . We shall stay all together at 'The Temple.' Hugh Beaver sent us a most kind and pressing invitation, which we have gladly accepted. He is a glorious fellow, that same Hugh Beaver, and sends his carriage to meet us on our arrival at the Railway. It is the wish of all three of us to get the public dinner over as soon as possible; and we should, therefore, prefer its taking place on Monday the 14th. We dine at 'The Temple' (H. Beaver's) at 7.30 on Saturday, where you will be invited. We will dine with you on Tuesday, and on Wednesday at Stocks. Now in respect to the public dinner. Is it to be given to me or Dickens ?—or both ? Acting upon your former letter, I invited my friends to accompany me, imagining the dinner was to be given in my honour; but I have no feeling whatever in the matter, and only desire to have a distinct understanding about it. If the dinner is given expressly to Dickens, I think a letter of invitation should be sent him. But you are the best judge of the propriety of this step, and it might be only giving needless trouble, as he is sure to come if the dinner is to be given to me. However, I should like to know as soon as possible, in order to prepare myself for the event, as I should like it to go off with *éclat*. . . . We shall certainly not prolong our stay beyond Wednesday night, on which night also we mean to go to the assembly. . . . Dickens means to bring you a copy of *Oliver Twist*."

On January 10th he wrote again to Crossley :—

"Dickens and I have just secured places for ourselves and Forster in the mail, at the Railroad Office, for 8 o'clock on Saturday morning. . . . I wish you had sent me some particulars relative to the public dinner, for—I repeat—I am devilish nervous about speechifying."

Manchester had at this time just received its charter of incorporation. The following paragraph appeared in "The Manchester Courier" (a Conservative paper) :—

"We understand that Mr. Harrison Ainsworth is visiting Manchester accompanied by his friend, Mr. Charles Dickens, the well-known "Boz." We don't know whether the latter gentleman has been tempted by our new municipal body to make a journey northward or not, but we doubt whether he would find, taking the whole country through, a more copious harvest than that body presents, including mayor, aldermen, and councillors, for his inimitable talent for portraying the ridiculous."

The same paper also recorded that "On Sunday the literary trio attended divine service at the Collegiate Church, when the Rev. R. Parkinson preached a most admirable sermon on the late hurricane."

The public dinner was duly held on the Monday (I have not been able to find any account of it) and on Tuesday they dined with Mr. Crossley.

"The latter was somewhat portly. He sat at the apex of a triangular dining table and being against the wall, found himself

* Alfred Lamert Dickens (1822–1860). He was at this date aged 17 and studying engineering at Tamworth. Alfred Dickens died in Manchester at the age of 38.

very much confined. Dickens noticed this, and in proposing the health of the host remarked, 'During the whole evening, seeing the peculiar position our host occupied at the dinner table, I could not help being reminded of Dr. Primrose's famous family picture in "The Vicar of Wakefield," and I have been wondering all night however he should be got out, but still more amazed how he ever got in.'"*

On Wednesday the trio dined with Mr. Gilbert Winter at Stocks House and probably Dickens again met the Grants. They returned to town next day and Ainsworth wrote to Crossley: "We had a jolly journey up to town, and we are looking forward to seeing you here to repay your hospitality."

III.

In 1843 Dickens paid his third recorded visit to Manchester, to preside at a soirée connected with the Manchester Athenæum in which Cobden and Disraeli also took part. This institution was founded in 1835, and in 1839 the fine building in Princess Street was opened. At first it flourished, but by 1843 it was in rather low water. It was then decided to make a big effort to set it firmly on its feet again by holding a bazaar and grand soirée in the Free Trade Hall.

At this time there were residing in the city Dickens's sister, Fanny, and her husband, Henry Burnett, and Dickens stayed with them during his visit. A contemporary account of the soirée is given on page 137.

The speech is published in full in the "Speeches," but Forster's résumé of it was in the following words:—

"He spoke mainly on a matter always nearest his heart, the education of the very poor. He protested against the danger of calling a little learning dangerous; declared his preference for the very least of the little over none at all; proposed to substitute for the old, a new doggerel

'Though house and lands he never got,
Learning can give what they can not'

told his listeners of the real and paramount danger. We had lately taken Longfellow to see, in the nightly refuges of London, 'thousands of immortal creatures condemned without alternative or choice to tread not what our great poet called "the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire" but one of jagged flints and stones laid down by brutal ignorance;' and contrasted this with the unspeakable consolation and blessings that a little knowledge had shed on men of the lowest estate and most hopeless means, 'watching the stars with Ferguson, the shepherd's boy, walking the streets with Crabbe, a poor barber here in Lancashire with Arkwright, a tallow chandler's son with Franklin, shoemaking with Bloomfield in his garret, following the plough with Burns, and high above the noise of loom and hammer, whispering courage in the ears of workers I could this day name in Sheffield and in Manchester.'"

During this visit a meeting was arranged between Dickens and his

*"William Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends." (S. M. Ellis.) Vol. I, p. 358.

former schoolmaster, the Rev. W. Giles, Jun. This took place at the house of Samuel Giles (younger brother of the schoolmaster) in Devonshire Street, Ardwick. The Rev. W. Giles, after carrying on schools at Barton and then at Ardwick Green, Manchester, had accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Byrom Street, Liverpool, and had also opened a boarding school at Seacombe, Cheshire, on the opposite side of the Mersey (see " Charles Dickens and his First Schoolmaster," Arthur Humphreys).

It was also during this visit that the idea of *A Christmas Carol* was conceived. During the three brief days he spent in Manchester he crowded in a number of visits, and it was while hurrying through the streets that the notion of the story flashed into his mind, and he seemed to see it complete before him. On his return to London on the Friday he set to work at once in the intervals of writing *Chuzzlewit*, and in six weeks the story was finished and it was on sale before Christmas. It is needless to dilate on the reception it had at the time, or its history and influence since. Suffice it to say that this story, conceived in Manchester 94 years ago, is read probably more often than any other work of Dickens.

After returning to London, Dickens wrote to the promoters of the soirée :—

London, Devonshire Terrace,
York Gate, Regent's Park,
Tenth October, 1843.

Dear Sirs,

I am exceedingly glad to receive so good a report of our Athenæum prospects, and I hope when I next hear from you, to learn that everything continues to realise your expectations.

Pray assure the Ladies' Committee and the Bazaar Committee of the great gratification I have in their kind and flattering recollection of me.

Many thanks to you for the Manchester newspapers—in which the proceedings of the other night are remarkably well reported. If you should see, or know, any of the gentlemen who attended for the Press, I wish you would say as much for me, in common justice.

Dear sirs, Faithfully Yours,

Charles Dickens.

Edward Watkin Esquire
Peter Berlyn Esquire.

The Directors of the Athenæum subsequently elected Dickens a life member of the Club, and he wrote acknowledging the honour in the following terms :—

Devonshire Terrace,
Eighth November 1843.

Dear Sir,

Allow me to most gratefully acknowledge the gift of a life membership of the Manchester Athenæum ; and the flattering and earnest terms in which it is bestowed on me, in the elegant testimonial to which your signature is attached. I cannot have a warmer interest in the prosperity of such an Institution than I had before,

nor can anything enhance the pleasure I feel in the recollection of having presided at one of its festivals. But I am truly gratified by this mark of the regard and approbation of the directors, and shall ever prize it highly—trust me.

I have the honour to be, Dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

P. E. Pembergue, Esquire.

The certificate was on vellum and enclosed in a gilt frame 16 in. by 18 in., with circular head piece surmounted by the Manchester arms, etc.

IV.

The first Public Libraries Act was passed in 1850, and Manchester was one of the first towns to take advantage of the powers given by it to local authorities, and, by the opening on September 2nd, 1852, of the Campfield Library in Deansgate, became the first municipality to have both a free public reference library and home reading library. On this occasion Dickens made one of his most notable speeches, which is printed in full on page 133 as it has not been published in the "Speeches." He was accompanied on the platform by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, W. M. Thackeray, John Bright, Frank Stone (the artist), the Earl of Shaftesbury, and many others of eminence.

One other important speech that Dickens made at Manchester was on December 3rd, 1858, when he presided over the annual meeting of the Institutional Association of Lancashire and Cheshire and presented the prizes to the successful candidates. The speech is to be found in full in the published "Speeches," but his reply to the vote of thanks is not there recorded, and worth noting, being couched in very graceful terms :—

"I am deeply obliged to you for your cordial reception. The honour of this Presidency, believe me, is all mine ; the pleasure attaching to it, I am sure, we shall long divide between us. No man can have seen this scene to-night without having his heart touched with the most delightful emotions, and without feeling himself, as to the great mass of the community, a wiser, a better, a more helpful, a more happy man. But it is nothing new to me to receive satisfaction here ; for I never came to Manchester without expecting pleasure, and I never left it without taking pleasure away. I heartily assure you that you have been most cordially welcome to my poor services, and I most affectionately wish you Good-night."

Unquestionably he proved himself on this occasion a model chairman.

V.

Dickens visited Manchester many times in the rôle of entertainer, both in theatrical productions for charity and in readings from his own works. In 1847 the company of distinguished players he had got together arranged to give two performances, one in Manchester and one in Liverpool, for the benefit of Leigh Hunt. The play was

Ben Jonson's " Every Man in his Humour," with Dickens as Captain Bobadil, followed by two other pieces, in both of which Dickens acted. The Manchester performance was given at the Theatre Royal on July 26th. Before the play an address, written by Serjeant Talfourd, was spoken by Dickens. As to the play itself, the reader is referred to contemporary criticisms reprinted on page 140.

This was the first appearance of Dickens on the English stage outside London. Less than a year later he appeared again in Manchester as Mr. Justice Shallow in " The Merry Wives of Windsor," together with most of the company with whom he had previously acted. This time it was for the benefit of Sheridan Knowles, author of " The Hunchback " and other dramas.

The next time Dickens played in Manchester was on February 11th, 1852, when he brought his " Splendid Strollers " company to the Free Trade Hall in Lytton's comedy, " Not so Bad as We Seem," followed by " Mr. Nightingale's Diary," by Dickens and Lemon. On September 1st the company returned and played the comedy " Used Up," Planché's historical drama, " Charles XII," and the farce, " Mr. Nightingale's Diary " Five years elapsed before Dickens again visited Manchester. In the meantime the old Free Trade Hall had been pulled down and the present building erected on the same site. Here, on August 21st and 22nd, 1857, Dickens presented Wilkie Collins's fine drama, " The Frozen Deep," for the benefit of the family of Douglas Jerrold who had died that year. Wilkie Collins himself wrote regarding these performances : " At Manchester the play was twice performed, the second evening in the presence of three thousand spectators. This was, I think, the finest of all the representations of ' The Frozen Deep.' The extraordinary intelligence and enthusiasm of the great audience stimulated us to do our best. Dickens surpassed himself. The trite phrase is the true phrase to describe that magnificence of acting—he electrified the audience." Collins's play was followed by a farce, " Uncle John."

Akin to Dickens's skill as an actor was his power as a reader of his own works. He made many appearances in Manchester in this capacity (see list on page 134), always to crowded audiences, and the references in his letters show that he was much impressed with his reception in this town, *e.g.* " The welcome they gave me was astounding . . . and fairly for once unmanned me " ; " We had a splendid rush last night. They were a far finer audience than on the previous night, I think the finest I have ever read to " ; " The scene at Manchester last night was really magnificent . . . When I went in (there was a very fine hall) they applauded in the most tremendous manner ; and the extent to which they were taken aback and taken by storm by *Copperfield* was really a thing to see."

The last appearance of Dickens in Manchester was on March 22nd, 1869, when he read *A Christmas Carol* and *Sikes and Nancy*. How appropriate that the last story he read in the city was the one that was conceived there twenty-six years earlier !

TREASURES AT THE DICKENS HOUSE

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE "DAILY NEWS"

By S. J. RUST

AMONG the numerous exhibits at the Dickens House there are many which cannot be inspected by visitors as closely as they would desire. A particular example of this is the first number of "The Daily News," published at the price of five pence on Wednesday, January 21st, 1846, under the editorship of Charles Dickens. After being laid up for ninety years this copy must be stiff in the joints, and any attempt to straighten it out—even with the most loving care—would be disastrous. Fortunately, however, the "Daily News" printed a facsimile of this number on January 21st, 1896, and from that reprint we may gain at first hand an appreciation of Dickens as an editor.

The editor was then in his thirty-fourth year, a young man with a great literary reputation, for he had within the past ten years written *The Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, as well as *A Christmas Carol*, *The Chimes*, and *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Thus the great author was at the peak of his career when he undertook this work for which he seemed so eminently fitted, but which came nearest to a failure among all his prolific undertakings.

It is not the aim of this article to estimate the extent of that failure, nor to discuss whether Dickens was adapted to the editorship of a daily paper, although I think that much new and informative matter could be written upon that subject. I wish merely to set forth the interest that lies in this paper for Dickensians and students of history.

The "editorials" attract the first attention. The first one begins in the style of Dickens and reads:—

> In the outset of such an undertaking as we commence to-day, it is perhaps excusable that, turning for a moment from the many questions of public interest which crowd upon us for consideration, we should devote a few words to ourselves and the course which lies before us.
>
> They need to be but few; for, as our readers will naturally found their own opinions of this journal on the knowledge they acquire from day to day, of its principles and conduct, we may spare them the trouble of perusing, in the beginning, any formal and lengthened exposition of our views. For the same reason, we abstain from any but this passing allusion to the establishment we have formed for the production of a Daily Newspaper, complete in its many costly departments; or the means we have taken for securing to our readers, early and reliable intelligence of every kind. If these, likewise, be not sufficiently expressed, from day to day, in the subject-matter of our columns, we should expatiate on our preliminary exertions to very little purpose.
>
> The Principles advocated by The Daily News will be Principles

of Progress and Improvement; of Education, Civil and Religious Liberty, and Equal Legislation; Principles, such as its conductors believe the advancing spirit of the time requires: the condition of the country demands: and Justice, Reason, and Experience legitimately sanction. Very much is to be done, and must be done, towards the bodily comfort, mental elevation, and general contentment of the English People. But their social improvement is so inseparable from the well-doing of Arts and Commerce, the growth of public works, the free investment of capital in all those numerous helps to civilisation and improvement to which the ingenuity of the age gives birth, that we hold it to be impossible rationally to consider the true interests of the people as a class-question, or to separate them from the interests of the merchant and manufacturer. Therefore, it will be no part of our function to widen any breach that may unhappily subsist, or may arise, between Employer and Employed; but it will rather be our effort to show their true relations, their mutual dependence, and their mutual power of adding to the sum of general happiness and prosperity.

That this great end can never be advanced, without the carrying of a calm and moderate tone into the discussion of all questions bearing on it, is sufficiently apparent. In such a tone we shall hope to treat them.

And we now especially invite the attention of our readers to one feature in the course we have marked out for ourselves.

We seek, so far as in us lies, to elevate the character of the Public Press in England. We believe it would attain a much higher position, and that those who wield its powers would be infinitely more respected as a class, and an important one, if it were purged of a disposition to sordid attacks *upon itself*, which only prevails in England and America. We discern nothing in the editorial plural that justifies a gentleman, or a body of gentlemen, in discarding a gentleman's forebearance and responsibility, and venting ungenerous spleen against a rival, by a perversion of a great power—a power, however, which is only great so long as it is good and honest. The stamp on newspapers is not like the stamp on Universal Medicine Bottles, which licenses anything, however false and monstrous; and we are sure this misuse of it, in any notorious case, not only offends and repels rightminded men in that particular instance, but naturally (though unjustly) involves the whole Press, as a pursuit or profession, in the feeling so awakened, and places the characters of all who are associated with it at a great disadvantage.

Entering on this adventure of a new daily journal in a spirit of honourable competition and hope of public usefulness, we seek, in our new station, at once to preserve our own self-respect, and to be respected, for ourselves and for it, by our readers. Therefore, we beg them to receive, in this our first number, the assurance that no recognition or interchange of trade abuse, by us, shall be the destruction of either sentiment: and that we intend proceeding on our way, and theirs, without stooping to any such flowers by the road side.

The article continues laudatory of the "National Anti-Corn Law League." It is a matter of history that the potato blight in Ireland had forced Peel, a month or two before the publication of this paper,

to declare in favour of the Repeal of the Corn Laws. There was still opposition, but Dickens could prophesy with confidence :—

> A few days, at the most, will show whether it has done its work and gained its victory, or only reached a crisis when its strength will be tasked for the severity of a final struggle. But no continuance of resistance can render the result uncertain, or postpone it to any very remote period. All that resistance can do is further to develop the new power which has arisen, and, perhaps, enlarge the sphere of its influence. The League is not a creation of certain wealthy and discontented manufacturers ; it is a symptom of the condition of society ; a decisive symptom, indicating transition ; and the legislative note of that transition will be the abolition of the Corn Laws. The wheels have revolved ; the hands point to the hour, and the clock must strike.

The second editorial—an enquiry into the history of the economic policy of England—is not so clearly in Dickens style ; and the third—an attack on the Protectionists, is more remote from it.

There is a two-column article signed by Charles Dickens, being No. 1 of Travelling Letters, " Written by the Road," but this is the second chapter of *Pictures from Italy*, so every Dickensian may read it at leisure.

A considerable portion of the paper is taken up with railway news. The whole of page 5 (and there are only 8 pages in all) is occupied by railway matters, varying from such undertakings as " London, Hounslow and Western Railway," and the approval of Mr. Gladstone, the Colonial Minister, to the proposed Halifax and Quebec Railway, to a report of London and South Western Railway in which Mr. W. J. Chaplin, the Chairman, told the story of the opposition of the Duke of Wellington :—

> " The Noble Duke was very much annoyed by the Basingstoke and Reading line interfering with his mansion. He had a communication with the Noble Duke. Nothing could be more kind, at the same time, nothing could be more firm than the conduct of the Noble Duke ; and no one could be more determined than he to oppose the Great Western in that part of their line. But what was the fact ? The Board of Trade decided in favour of the line ; and at his (Mr. Chaplin's) interview with the Noble Duke, his Grace said : " It is a bad job ; but the principle chalked out by the Government I think less liable to error than any other system can be ; the Board the Government has selected are disinterested men ; they have given it against us, and I suppose we must submit. It is neither your fault, Mr. Chaplin, nor mine.

Half the advertisements on the first page are inserted by projected railways ; and most of the others are from assurance companies. Another interesting advertisement is by the " Society for the Discharge and Relief of Persons imprisoned for Small Debts throughout England and Wales," in which it is stated that between December 3rd, 1845, and January 7th, 1846, " Fourteen Debtors, of whom twelve had wives and twenty-one children, had been discharged from the prisons

of England and Wales; the expense of whose liberation, including every charge connected with the Society, was £110 12s. 6d."

Page 7 and part of page 8 is full of advertisements of books. Longman's have a long list, including Thomas Moore's poetical works, the first complete edition of Southey's poetical works, Macaulay's essays, Sydney Smith's works, and Lord Jeffrey's contributions to the "Edinburgh Review." There are many law books, but the most intriguing title is "A Grandmother's advice to young Mothers on the physical training of children," by the late Countess of Mountcashell.

There are a few advertisements of sales by auction, and one or two houses are offered "to let." Here one is interested to note No. 45 Mornington Place, Hampstead Road, close to Dickens's old school and to the house then occupied by Clarkson Stanfield and subsequently by George Cruikshank.

Even more interesting are the theatre advertisements. A grand opera, "Maritana," was being performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, but at no less than four theatres the play was "The Cricket on the Hearth," to which three add the explanatory note, "A Fairy Tale of the Home," although none mention the name of the author. These four theatres are Theatre Royal, Adelphi (under the direction of Madame Celeste); Theatre Royal, Haymarket (Mr. B. Webster, manager); Theatre Royal, Lyceum (under the management of Mrs. Keeley); and Princess's Theatre (J. M. Maddox, manager). The cast is given in each case, and they are quite distinct. In the first two Tilly Slowboy was played by a man; the third names the cast but not the characters, and the Princess's did not include the ungainly servant.

This does not by any means exhaust the interest of the paper, and we hope that if its successor, the "News-Chronicle," issue a facsimile in January, 1946, this article may stimulate Dickensians to look out for it.

DICKENS'S ATTITUDE TO TEMPERANCE

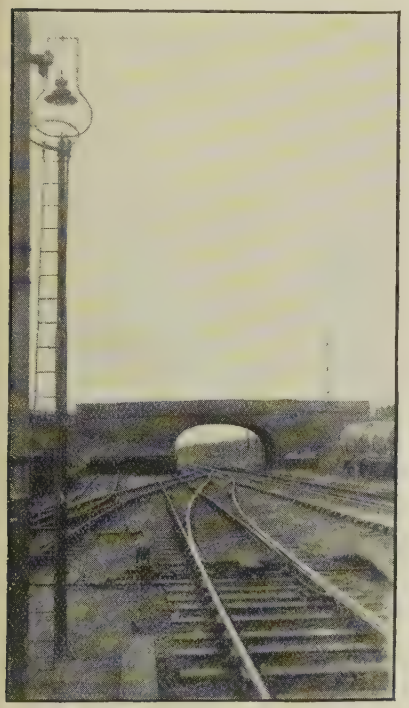
This subject has been recently ventilated in the Press following publication in "The Listener," and reprinted in "The Times," of a hitherto unpublished letter from Dickens to a lady who had taken exception to the many references to drink in his stories. In the letter Dickens deprecates "confounding the use of anything with its abuse, or denying any man the cheerful enjoyment of a glass of wine, or beer, or spirits and water, because his neighbour is prone to make a beast of himself by irrational excess in those things." He insists on the value of cheerful moderation, and adds:—

> I have no doubt whatever that the warm stuff in the jug at Bob Cratchit's Christmas dinner had a very pleasant effect on the simple party. I am certain that if I had been at Mr. Fezziwig's ball I should have taken a little negus—and possibly not a little beer—and been none the worse for it, in heart or head. I am very sure that the working people of this country have not too many household enjoyments, and I could not, in my fancy or in actual deed, deprive them of this one when it is innocently shared. Neither do I see why I should deny it to myself.

PADDOCK WOOD

By W. LAURENCE GADD

IT was a wet night in an unusually cold, late spring-time of the year, when I chanced to be stranded at Paddock Wood, some twenty odd miles from my home town. The circumstances under which this happened are of no present moment, but they necessitated my remaining where I was for the night.



The Dark Bridge

By the time I had done all I had to do, and had secured a room at the Railway Hotel, close to the station, it was getting late; but the rain had ceased, and the moon had struggled out of a mass of ragged clouds; so, before retiring to bed, I strolled out by way of the private footpath through the hotel garden, that leads directly to the station, and on to the road bridge spanning the railway on the west side.

From this vantage point, I could see, by the moonlight, the lines of rail stretching from under my feet as straight as a ruler for some miles both ways, and, together with the twinkling signal lamps at intervals along the track, gradually converging to a mere point in the far distance. I reflected that the branch line to Maidstone starting from the station below me, and meandering through the hop country and the valley of the Medway, was opened to traffic, with a single line of rails, in September, 1844, and, at that time, ended at a temporary platform on the site of the present Maidstone West Station; not being continued to Strood until the year 1856. Consequently, passengers for Rochester had to alight at Maidstone West and continue the journey by small omnibus, entering the ancient City by Crow Lane, "a back stable way," as correctly recorded in *Edwin Drood*.

My inn, or hotel, as it is now designated, was formerly known as the Maidstone Road Inn, and was built in 1843, when the branch line to Maidstone was being constructed. It was altered, some thirty or forty years ago, by the addition of a projecting frontage and the

rearrangement of some of the ground floor rooms, but the room upstairs, assigned to me, was in the unaltered part of the building.

Now this room had in it a second door, communicating with another bedroom, and, as I lay in bed, I speculated upon who might be occupying it, and whether it had ever been a sitting room, forming with my room a private suite of apartments.

However, as it was close upon midnight, I dismissed speculation from my mind and composed myself to sleep: only to be almost immediately roused by a distant hum, increasing in rapid crescendo to a rumbling roar. The house trembled and the window shook, as the ten-forty Fast from Dover rattled through the station on its way to Tonbridge and London. After that, there was no sound to disturb the night, and I soon slept.

When I awoke, the first faint glimmer of dawn was in the eastern sky, and, by the dim early-morning light, I was lazily conscious of a curious change in the room. I could not remember that the bed I had lain down upon was an ancient four-poster with chintz hangings; nor that the various articles of furniture were so old and antique-looking as they now appeared to be. My gaze wandered to the door communicating with the next room, and I was startled to see, standing before it, the figure of a tallish man clad in tight-fitting, strapped-down nankeen trousers; buff-coloured vest; black satin stock or neckcloth; and dark tail coat. Neat as this attire was, in itself, there was a crumpled negligence about it suggesting that its wearer had dressed very hurriedly indeed, or had been travelling uncomfortably all night.

These details I only assimilated later, my immediate attention being drawn to the face, which was of an awful, cadaverous hue, not at all relieved, but rather accentuated by the light-coloured sandy hair and whiskers surrounding it: but the most noticeable features were the two even rows of glistening teeth, from which the bloodless lips were drawn back in a sort of tigerish snarl; and the half-closed gleaming eyes, like cats' eyes in the dark, that were watchfully regarding me.

I called it, just now, the figure of a man, but it was more like the shadow of one, for I fancied I could still see every detail of the door behind it.

Recovering from my first surprise, I addressed the silent and motionless figure before me.

"You have made a mistake, sir. This is a private room."

After a pause, a sepulchural voice replied.

"Yes! Mine. This, and the next room, have been mine, on this night, for many weary years."

Before I could make any reply, the figure was seized with a convulsive spasm. It shuddered violently; clasped its head with both hands, and cowered to the floor; whilst the face became horribly contorted, as if with pain. Simultaneously, I was aware of a trembling of my bed; a movement of loose articles in the room; and a rushing wind, as if invisible great wings were beating the air. And yet no sound disturbed the stillness of the country morning.

The spasm past, the figure rose again to its full height and resumed its former attitude.

As I thought I could now identify my visitor, I addressed him again.

" Excuse me," I said, " you spoke of occupying this room, periodically, for a number of years. I have an idea that you first came here in the spring of 1848, when you had just crossed over from France."

" That is so," he replied. " That cursed purse-proud and arrogant fellow, my enemy, by some treachery, the author of which I never knew (if I had known, he had better far have hanged himself than come in my way), had pursued me to Dijon, and was hard upon my track. Procuring a chaise and post-horses, I fled to the coast—a

"A remote country place."—Yalding

nightmare journey, pursued in imagination by numberless foes, and beset by the terror of a nameless something that swept over me by night and by day. I remember passing through Troyes, with its cathedral and its hordes of blind and deformed beggars; and through Paris, with its bridges and quays, soldiers and wine shops: but I remember little else, except bells and wheels and horses' feet, until we climbed the hill at sunrise and came down to the harbour of Boulogne. From there, I crossed to Folkestone by the packet-boat, and came on to this junction, intending to proceed by the new branch line to a remote country village I knew of."

" That," I remarked, " must have been Yalding, Wateringbury, or East Farleigh. I think that Yalding, in the heart of the hop and cherry country, and more than a mile from its railway station, decidedly would have been considered the most remote. The old village by the church, and close to the mediæval bridge over the River Beult, consists mostly of thatched and timbered cottages, and is still an old-world rustic place. You may remember that in the wet season of the year, the district is subject to serious floods, by the overflowing of the Medway and its tributaries. Yalding Leas, a tract of common land

between Twyford Bridge and the village, is sometimes converted into a great lake ; and you can only follow the submerged road (when the water is not too deep to follow it at all) by the line of white posts erected as guides."

This attempt to draw my visitor was a failure, for he gloomily replied : " It matters not. I never reached it."

Seeking to induce him to say more, I said : " In the course of your annual visits, you must have seen great changes at Paddock Wood. In 1868, twenty years after you first knew it, the houses and cottages, constituting the village, numbered less than twenty, all told ; scattered over a largish area to the south-east of the station, and few, if any, visible from the platforms. And look at it now ! a flourishing town of two thousand inhabitants. Houses and shops on both sides of the road where stood the wood from which the station took its name."

The Railway Hotel from the Garden path

" When I first came here," replied the figure, " the dark wood adjoining the station, extended beyond the front of this inn. The station was a way-side one, with rough, wooden platforms, and, except for the inn, I only remember one solitary house in sight. Now the wood has entirely vanished ; streets of houses have sprung up where I remember fields and coppices ; the station itself is unrecognisable, and each year I find the place more and more bewildering. To be sure the dark railway bridge, and the garden of the inn (though curtailed), still remain ; and by these I can find my way to do what I have to do. Last night, I walked, as usual, a mile or so beyond the dark bridge, and then, coming back past the inn garden, I went some distance the other way, before I came in and lay down beside you."

Hurriedly passing over his last remark, I said : " I suppose you came straight into the hotel, from the station, that first evening, by the path through the garden ? "

" I did," he replied. " By that means, I was able to reach the inn without being observed by chance passers-by, as was my wish." " Not," he added, " that passers-by were very likely, for, in those days,

this was a very retired spot, the nearest small town being some miles off."

"That was Tonbridge," I interposed. "About six miles off, and the next station on the line: at that time a much smaller town than it is now. Brenchley, up in the hills to the south, is much nearer; but Brenchley is only a village and cannot be called a town, even to-day. It is one of Kent's prettiest villages, containing some very picturesque old oak-timbered houses. One of the old farm houses there is supposed by the country folk to be—er—well, to be haunted."

I offered the last remark diffidently, and as delicately as I could; but my visitor did not appear to heed it. He seemed to be getting

Brenchley

restless; once or twice anxiously glancing at the window, in which the light of the coming day was growing stronger.

At length, he said, in a lowered voice: "The time is come!" "It is my doom on this day to re-enact the manner of my death. Before four o'clock I must leave this room—or the one behind me, in which I dined on the night of my arrival—and be ready on the station platform."

"One moment," I entreated. "It still wants several minutes to four o'clock, and I should like to clear up a point concerning that hour. According to Bradshaw's Guide for 1848, the mail express left London at two o'clock in the morning, and passed through Paddock Wood at a little after three. It has been suggested that your biographer, Mr. Dickens, altered it to four o'clock, in order that you might, for the last time, see the sunrise. But, of course, he may not have bothered about the time-table at all—there was no train on the branch line at a quarter after four."

The figure remained moodily silent for what seemed like a whole minute. Then, after a last glance at the window, now redly glowing with the light of the rising sun, it fixed its eyes upon me, and slowly and

impressively uttered the following sentence : " Express comes through at four. It don't stop ! "

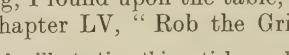
The next moment, the old-fashioned bed and furniture reverted, in a flash, to their over-night appearance ; and I was alone.

A blackbird, somewhere in a tall tree outside, burst out in full-throated greeting to the new day.

* * * * *

Later, while dressing, I found upon the table, a copy of *Dombey and Son*, lying open at Chapter LV, " Rob the Grinder loses his place."

The photographs illustrating this article are by the Author.



THE FACTS ABOUT *A CHRISTMAS CAROL**

In a brochure of 30 pages bearing the above title, Mr. Allen Osborne has been at pains to furnish collectors with a new and up-to-date bibliography of the early editions of Dickens's first Christmas Book. The result of his labours is deserving of praise, yet will prove somewhat disappointing, we fear, to Dickensians generally, and especially so to those interested in solving the intricate problem of priority amongst the *Carol's* earliest, or trial, issues.

In spite of much research and careful study, Mr. Osborne does not appear to have established any new " facts " of importance. The facts he has gathered are marshalled, as a rule, without order or clarity, and his reasoning is not always convincing.

In his " Acknowledgments," the author writes : " The list of all the persons, institutions and firms that have contributed to the making of this book would be impossible for me and wearisome to the reader." On the other hand, a list of the prominent contemporary students of Dickens, whom Mr. Osborne has *omitted* to consult, might possibly help to explain the paucity of new material here provided.

Four preliminary pages are devoted to the composition and publication of the *Carol*. The writer lays great stress on Forster's mistaken declaration that the first edition of six thousand copies was sold the first day (December 19th, 1843), whereas, according to a letter from Dickens to Mitton, " on December 24th the *Carol* was in its sixth thousand." " The scarcity of the second edition puzzled me," writes Mr. Osborne, " until I found the first copy I had seen or heard of." Did it cease to puzzle him then ? At all events no explanation of the edition's rarity is vouchsafed to his readers.

In the bibliography proper, Mr. Osborne passes in review the known variants of title-page, text, and end-papers. To the descriptions and conclusions of earlier bibliographers from John F. Dexter to Mr. J. Pennell, he has added little of his own. We should note, however, one original and useful document, compiled by the author and inserted at the end of the volume. This is a chart showing all variants in title, first chapter headings, and letterpress, occurring in successive editions from the earliest trial issues to the stereotype edition of 1873.

A. de Suzannet.

* " The Facts about *A Christmas Carol*," by E. Allen Osborne. Printed for the Author by The Bradley Press. 1937. Price One Shilling.

THE HOLLAND HOUSE CIRCLE

By J. W. T. LEY

FORSTER tells us that in 1846 Dickens reported a happy day with Henry Fox at Naples. That is very interesting in light of the fact that Fox thought that the novelist's humour was forced and his style " bombast and mock heroic ! " Presumably there was something in the man himself which counteracted a definite distaste for his work—unless Fox, like Sydney Smith, had been ultimately conquered !

The Earl of Ilchester, in his very rich and valuable historical " Chronicles of Holland House, 1820-1900 " (London : John Murray), has quite a number of references to Dickens, and I think the extract from a letter of Henry Fox, on which the above remarks are based, is the most interesting. Let it be quoted :—

> " I am very glad you did not send me *Nicholas Nickleby*, as I dare say I should not be more successful in reading that than in getting through the more celebrated and admired of that author's works. I agree completely with what Lady Carlisle said about them. ' I know there are such unfortunate beings as pick-pockets and street walkers. I am very sorry for it and very much shocked at their mode of life, but I own I do not much wish to hear what they say to one another.' I think it painful and revolting ; and all that is humorous seems to me so forced and the style so bombast and mock heroic that I cannot get on with it. I know that the works are just now in such favour and popularity, that few there are who venture to express an unfavourable opinion of them, and for the moment I am in a very small minority ; but I suspect when the novelty and the fashion of admiring them has worn off they will sink to their proper level."

Of course one is tempted to comment on such a passage, but in the light of history it comments on itself ! Perhaps, after all, Holland was induced to read *Nickleby* and was conquered. That was what happened to Sydney Smith.

It was in August, 1837, that Dickens first visited Holland House, and he created a good impression. " He is a young man of 26," wrote Lord Holland, " very unobtrusive, yet not shy, intelligent in countenance, and altogether prepossessing." The same old story—intelligent and prepossessing : every record of him at that time says it. But the other tribute as to his unobtrusiveness should interest some who have written about him in fairly recent years. On the occasion of this first visit Talfourd was Dickens's fellow guest. Two years later he dined there again, and Holland's sister wrote that she was much struck with him, and liked everything but the intolerable dandyism of his dress. " But it will probably wear away with his youth," she proceeded. " His countenance, I think, beautiful, because blended with its intelligence there is so much expression of goodness."

Such a tribute from such a quarter is surely valuable ? Attractive, not only because of his high spirits, his vivacity, his intelligence, and

his good looks, but because his countenance bore evidence of goodness. Where is the reference to the young Dickens in the first flush of his success that in the least degree qualifies this description of him ? If one exists, I have never found it. Unspoiled by the most stupendous success and popularity in history, handsome, good. That is the unanimous testimony of all who met him in those days. What but perversity can have inspired certain writings of the last ten years ?

Lord Ilchester quotes a letter written by Dickens to Lady Holland during the American tour in which occurs this interesting passage :—

> " I am bound to say that travellers have grossly exaggerated American rudeness and obtrusion. Among all the thousands whom I have seen within doors and without . . . I have never once encountered a man, woman, or child who has asked me a rude question or made a rude remark. The best and only passports needed in this country are frankness and good humour. That is not the opinion of a man who has been conciliated by flattery and attention. I have much to say on the other side of the question. But the people are naturally courteous, good-tempered, generous, warm-hearted, and obliging. That is a matter of fact and not of opinion."

What a pity that could not have been published in 1843 ! It certainly would seem, however, that he overrated the American appreciation of frankness !

There follows an interesting letter which refers to the writing of *Chuzzlewit* and promises a successor to the *Carol*. Tom and Ruth Pinch are described as " two of the greatest favourites I have ever had."

Finally we learn that in 1842 Dickens was contemplating the possibility of a resuscitation on a new basis of " The Courier." This had been a Conservative organ ; he proposed to resuscitate it as a Liberal organ. He asked Lord Holland to sound Lords Lansdowne and Melbourne and Mr. Stanley. They were not enthusiastic and the idea was dropped. We know what shape it eventually took four years later.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HULL

It was always said of Scrooge in his reformed days that " he knew how to keep Christmas if any man alive possessed the knowledge." Something of this spirit was manifest when the Hull Branch held their annual " Lonely Old Folks Party " in December last.

How Dickens would have loved to have witnessed over 150 old people enjoying a merry Christmas Party (to many of them the only one of the year) in a brightly decorated room, complete with Christmas tree ; with dainty tables spread with all manner of good things and they themselves wearing gaily coloured caps.

Mr. H. Lawton, the President, was a delightfully genial host. Mrs. Lawton led the community singing. Prizes were awarded to the oldest man and woman present. During the evening an entertainment was arranged by the members and coffee, ices, sweets, and tobacco were served to the guests.

Thus in some small way the Hull Branch has fulfilled the message in *The Haunted Man*, " Lord, Keep my Memory Green."

CONCERNING TWO BLANCHARDS—AND TWO DOUGLAS JERROLDS

IN his interesting article in the Winter Number, dealing with the lawsuit brought by Dickens against the *Carol* and *Chuzzlewit* " pirates," Mr. S. J. Rust warns his readers against confusing Edward Leman Blanchard, one of the defendants, with Dickens's old friend Laman Blanchard, the distinguished critic. That such a confusion was actually made at the time, as the result of a joke concocted by Forster and carried out by Mitton, is shown in the following letter, written by Dickens to Laman Blanchard and accompanying a presentation copy of *A Christmas Carol*:

Devonshire Terrace, January Twenty-Nine 1844.

My Dear Blanchard,

It was a joke of Forster's. He wanted me to play it off on you, but I hadn't the heart.

When I went down to my solicitor's, the first thing said was: " Who do you think has made an affidavit ? "—" God knows—Bunn ? "—" Your friend Mr. Blanchard."—" D—d nonsense."—" Oh but he has. And there an't two Laman Blanchards, for I went down to Serjeant Talfourd's directly, and his clerk says there's only one, and it's your friend ! ! ! "

But you can't see the cream of the thing, without seeing the affidavit itself. Oh my stars !

I am in for it now ; and I dare say (through the villainy of the Law, which after declaring me robbed, obliges me to bring an action against men from whom it demands no security for the expenses to which I shall be put) am in a fair way to lose Three Hundred Pounds or so. Never mind. I declare war against the Black Flag, and down it shall come, if strong and constant hauling will do it.

Here is the little book, my dear Blanchard, which pray put upon your shelves for the love of yours always

Charles Dickens.

An even stranger coincidence lies in the fact that this same Edward Leman Blanchard, " pirate " and friend of " pirates," had probably been the innocent means of making Dickens and Laman Blanchard personally known to each other seven years earlier. For it was some time late in 1837 that a correspondence was started between the Editors of " The Court Journal " and " Bentley's Miscellany," and here is Boz's first letter :—

48 Doughty Street
Thursday Evening

Dear Sir,

I have to apologize to you most heartily for the mistake into which my unknown correspondent led me ; and to thank you for your polite note acquainting me with it.

I have lost the epistle which the wiseacre in question sent me with his paper, and therefore do not recollect the address he gave, but I remember perfectly well that he signed himself either " L.W." or " W.L." Blanchard and that the whole tenor of his note was

obviously intended to bear the construction that it came from you and nobody else. So little doubt had I about the matter, that having lost the address of this person, I sent to the Court Journal Office as a matter of course.

I must admit on reflection that I did no very great credit to your intellect in taking this step, or rather taking this jump at a conclusion, but the real honest truth is, that as some very juvenile attempts do now and then appear in the Miscellany, I thought you might possibly have written the paper when you were a promising boy of fifteen or sixteen; it occurred to me at the same time that what your youth promised your riper years had a great deal more than fulfilled, and that you were much more clever as a man than you ever held out any hope to your friends and parents of being, when a boy.

I shall not regret the absurdity which has led to this correspondence if, whenever I have the pleasure of meeting you, it supersedes the necessity of a more formal introduction, and enables me to say with little preface how very truly I am

Yours, my Dear Sir,

Charles Dickens.

While on the subject of Laman Blanchard and the *Carol*, may I be allowed to express regret that such an otherwise fine and *true* piece of writing as Mr. Douglas Jerrold's "Georgian Adventure"* should be marred (on page 29) by one inexcusable mistake? "The amusing engraving of Dickens reading *The Christmas Carol* to a group of admirers" is, of course, a reproduction of Maclise's famous drawing of *The Chimes* reading. Mr. Jerrold's interpretation of the little picture ("On a sofa apart are Douglas Jerrold and Laman Blanchard; Blanchard looking polite but intensely bored, and Douglas Jerrold looking up at the ceiling with an expression of uncompromising regret" is certainly "amusing," though its humour would doubtless have appealed neither to the artist or his sitters. And what authority, I wonder, may be claimed for the following bit of "smartness" at the expense of his great grandfather's devoted friend: "Like every great wit, Douglas Jerrold was a sentimentalist at heart; a fact which Dickens, who was a sentimentalist by profession, never forgave, and D.J. never forgot"?

A. de Suzannet.

WHO WORE:——

(*Answers to Questions on page* 68)

1, Dora Spenlow; 2, Mr. Brownlow; 3, Miss Squeers; 4, Jeremiah Flintwinch; 5, Miss Tox; 6, Mr. Simpson; 7, Clemency Newcome; 8, Jarvis Lorry; 9, Ghost of Christmas Present; 10, Alfred Jingle; 11, Dolly Varden; 12, Quilp; 13, Dr. Blimber; 14, Mr. Micawber.

Dickensian Peeps into "Punch."—The series will be resumed in the Summer number.

* Noticed in *The Dickensian*, December, 1937, page 66.

THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL

[Speech by Dickens at the opening of the Manchester Library (Campfield), September 2nd, 1852. Reported in the "Manchester Guardian" of September 4th, 1852. Now re-published for the first time.]

SIR JOHN POTTER, ladies, and gentlemen: I have been so much in the habit within the last fortnight of relying upon the words of other people* that I find it quite a novel sensation to be here dependent solely upon my own. I assure you that I feel at this moment in imminent danger of sliding into the language of my friend who addressed you last†; and, from the mere force of habit, I rather miss the prompter. For this reason, and many others, I shall trouble you with a very short speech indeed in proposing the resolution with which I have the honour to be entrusted. It so fully expresses my feelings and hopes, and my convictions in association with this auspicious day that I cannot do better than read it to you at once:—

> "That as in this institution special provision has been made for the working classes, by means of a free lending library, this meeting cherishes the earnest hope that the books thus made available, will prove a source of pleasure and improvement in the cottages, the garrets, and the cellars of the poorest of our people."

Ladies and gentlemen, limiting what I wish to say on this subject to two very brief heads, I would beg to observe, firstly, that I have been made happy since I have been sitting here by the solution of a problem which has long perplexed me. I have seen so many references made in newspapers, in parliamentary debates, and elsewhere, to the "Manchester School," that I have long had a considerable anxiety to know what that phrase might mean, and what the "Manchester School" might be. My natural curiosity on this head has not been diminished by the very contradictory accounts I have received respecting that same "school," some great authorities assuring me that it was a very good one, some that it was a very bad one—some that it was very broad and comprehensive, some that it was very narrow and limited—some that it was all cant, and some that it was all cotton. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have solved this difficulty, by finding here to-day that the "Manchester School" is a great free school, bent on carrying instruction to the poorest hearths. It is this great free-school, inviting the humblest workman to come in and be its student; this great free-school, most munificently endowed by voluntary subscriptions in an incredibly short space of time—starting upon its glorious career with twenty thousand volumes of books—knowing no sect, no party, no distinction—knowing but the public want and the public good. Henceforth, ladies and gentlemen, this building shall represent to me the "Manchester School"; and I pray to Heaven, moreover, that many great towns and cities, and many high authorities, may go to school a little in the Manchester seminary, and profit by the noble lesson

* In the play "Not So Bad As We Seem."—See page 118.

† Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

that it teaches. In the second and last place, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to observe that like my friend, Sir Edward Lytton, I exceedingly regret my inability to attend that other interesting meeting of this evening. I should have rejoiced to have seen in this place, instead of myself, and to have heard in this place instead of my own voice, the voice of a working man in Manchester, to tell the projectors of this spirited enterprise with what feelings he and his companions regard their just and generous recognition here. I should have rejoiced to hear from such a man, in the solid and nervous language in which I have often heard such men give utterance to the feelings of their breasts, how he knows that the books stored here for his behoof will cheer him through many of the struggles and toils of his life, will raise him in his self-respect, will teach him that capital and labour are not opposed, but are mutually dependent and mutually supporting—will enable him to tread down blinding prejudice and corrupt misrepresentation, and everything but the truth, into the dust. Ladies and gentlemen, I have long been, in my sphere, a zealous advocate for the diffusion of knowledge among all classes and conditions of men; because I do believe, with all the strength and might with which I am capable of believing anything, that the more a man knows, the more humbly, and with a more faithful spirit, he comes back to the fountain of all knowledge, and takes to his heart the great sacred precept, "On earth peace, goodwill towards men." And well assured I am that that great precept, and those other things I have hinted at as pleasant to have heard here to-day from a working man, will rise higher and higher above the beat of hammers, the roar of wheels, the rattle of machinery, and the rush of waters, and be more and more clearly felt through every pulsation of this great heart, the better known and used this institution is. Ladies and gentlemen, I have great pleasure in moving the resolution which I have already read to you.

DICKENS IN MANCHESTER

1838.
Nov. 5-7—With Forster and Phiz to visit James Crossley and Gilbert Winter, and to meet the Grants. Drove to Cheadle to visit Ainsworth's three daughters at school at Cheadle Hall, Cheshire.

1839.
Jan. 12—With Ainsworth and Forster. Stayed at Hugh Beaver's, The Temple, Cheetham Hill.
13—Attended service at the Collegiate Church.
14—Public dinner to Ainsworth and Dickens.
15—Dined with James Crossley.
16—Dined with G. Winter.

1843.
Oct. 4-6—Stayed with his sister Fanny (Mrs. Burnett) at Ardwick.
5—Presided at Athenæum Soirée at old Free Trade Hall. Planned *A Christmas Carol.*

1852.
Sept. 2—Spoke at opening of Campfield Library.

1858.
Dec. 3—Spoke and presented prizes at Annual Meeting of Institutional Association of Lancashire and Cheshire at new Free Trade Hall.

1860.
July 27—On occasion of his brother Alfred's death.

1847. Plays at Theatre Royal :—
July 26—" Every Man in his Humour," " A Good Night's Rest," and " Turning the Tables " (for benefit of Leigh Hunt).

1848.
June 3—" The Merry Wives of Windsor " (for benefit of Sheridan Knowles).

1852. Plays at Free Trade Hall :—
Feb. 11—" Not so Bad as we Seem " and " Mr. Nightingale's Diary " (for Guild of Literature and Art).
Sept. 1—" Used Up," " Charles XII," and " Mr. Nightingale's Diary " (for Guild of Literature and Art).

1857.
Aug. 21–22—" The Frozen Deep " and " Uncle John " (for Douglas Jerrold Fund).

1857. Readings at Free Trade Hall :—
July 31—*A Christmas Carol* (For the Douglas Jerrold Fund).

1858.
Sept. 18—*The Poor Traveller, Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*, and *Mrs. Gamp.*
Oct. 16—*Story of Little Dombey* and *Boots at the Holly Tree Inn* (by request).
23—*A Christmas Carol* and *Trial from Pickwick.*

1861.
Dec. 14—*David Copperfield.*

1862.
Jan. 25—*Nicholas Nickleby at Mr. Squeers' School* and *Trial from Pickwick.*

1866.
April 12—*Dr. Marigold* and *Nicholas Nickleby at Mr. Squeers' School.*
26—*Boots at the Holly Tree Inn, Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party*, and *Trial from Pickwick.*

1867.
Feb. 2—*Dr. Marigold* and *Trial from Pickwick.*
16—*A Christmas Carol* and *The Boy at Mugby.*

1868.
Oct. 10—*Dr. Marigold* and *Trial from Pickwick.*
17—*David Copperfield* and *Mrs. Gamp.*
24—*Nicholas Nickleby* and *Bob Sawyer's Party.*
31—*A Christmas Carol* and *Trial from Pickwick.*

1869.
Mar. 6—*Boots at the Holly Tree Inn, Sikes and Nancy*, and *Mrs. Gamp.*
8—*Nicholas Nickleby* and *Mr. Chops the Dwarf.*
20—*Doctor Marigold* and *Trial from Pickwick.*
22—*A Christmas Carol* and *Sikes and Nancy.*

F. R. D.

THE DICKENSIAN'S PANORAMA

"Victorian Panorama," by Peter Quennell. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. B. T. Batsford, Ltd.

"Taste and Fashion," by James Laver. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. George G. Harrap and Co., Ltd.

"Victorian Street Ballads." Edited by W. Henderson. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. Country Life Ltd.

"The London Miscellany," compiled by Robert Harling, with numerous embellishments. 8s. 6d. Heinemann.

After "When Victoria Began to Reign" and "The Greatest Show on Earth," during 1937, and duly noticed in *The Dickensian*, came three books published just before Christmas, but unfortunately too late to be referred to in the December number. With distance to conquer indifference, the Victorian era has indeed come into its own; neglected no longer, all its charm and variety and all its greatness are gradually being unfolded by the serious historian.

The Panorama is exhibited by Mr. Peter Quennell through the medium of rare early photographs of the pioneers, Fox Talbot and Octavius Hill, in the Science Museum at South Kensington. They date from the early 'forties, and the range of family groups, both high and low, represents a truly surprising picture of the actual scene unaffected by any licence taken by the artist of pen and pencil. London life, Family life, Characters, Stage and Fashion all are dealt with, adequately enough perhaps within the compass of 120 pages; but in such a manner as to make us cry for more.

And then we get our desire when we turn to Mr. Laver's Panorama which although it covers a longer period (from the French Revolution in fact) gives us just the proper insight into the rise of the Dickensian costume from the days of the Regency until the Bustle ousted the Crinoline. As Mr. James Laver is the Keeper of the Department of Engraving, Illustration, and Design at the Victoria and Albert Museum, he has exceptional opportunities for the subject which he has so thoroughly explored. We can confidently recommend these two books to Dickensians who are keen on giving the right touch of realism in costuming dramatic productions of the period, in cases where Dickens is not explicit in his description of dress and the subjects were not pictured by his own illustrators. Perhaps it is because there have been more changes in women's dress than in men's that the greater part of the book is devoted to feminine attire; we should have liked the male costumes of the nineteenth century more adequately discussed and pictured; but let us add it is not by any means ignored.

Mr. Henderson has unearthed from the British Museum some of those ballads that Silas Wegg sold on his stall. His illustrations give an excellent idea of the sort of ballads then sold, to those who are not old enough to remember the successors of that poetry-loving old sinner who continued to carry on their trade until the nineties in much the same manner as they had done thirty years before.

To complete our panorama there is the Nineteenth Century Scrapbook compiled by Mr. Harling "with numerous embellishments." The great virtue of this book is that it is compiled from unusual sources, from Pierce Egan's "Life in London" (1821), Whittock's "Picture of London" (1836), Hughson's "Walk Through London" (1817), Knight's "London" (1842), Booth's "Darkest England" (1890). The chapter entitled "The London Reformer" is a mine of information for the Dickensian.

PEEPS AT DICKENS

Pen Pictures from Contemporary Sources

XXXIII.—A Private Visit to Dickens in Manchester.

[When Dickens presided at the Soirée in connection with the Manchester Athenæum (see page 115), the honorary secretary for the Soirée and Bazaar was Mr.(later Sir) E. W. Watkin. The following is extracted from his reminiscences. "Alderman Cobden of Manchester: Letters and Reminiscences," by Sir E. W. Watkin, Bart., M.P., 1891. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co.]

THE soirée of 1843 was stamped with success by the Presidency of Charles Dickens, just back from America; his book *American Notes for General Circulation*, then sounding in everybody's ears.

We were indebted for the presence of Charles Dickens to the kind influence of his elder sister—Mrs. Burnett—a self-denying saint, if ever one existed, to whose character the few references in Forster's "Life of Dickens" bear clear witness, though they cannot do it justice.

My diary of the time records:—

'Mr. Dickens wrote to us, desiring an interview for Wednesday night, October 4th, at about 9 o'clock, to arrange for the meeting.

'By arrangement with Mr. Samuel Giles, whose brother had assisted in the education of Dickens, we (Berlyn and I) took tea with him, and then walked to Mrs. Burnett's house, 3 Elm Terrace, Higher Ardwick. Ringing the bell, the door was opened by a youth in livery, who informed us that Mr. Dickens was in the drawing room, obtained our names, and running briskly up two or three steps, looked round, and desired us to "please walk up." Throwing open a door opposite the landing, our guide announced us, and we entered. Shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Burnett, we were at once introduced by Mrs. Burnett to her brother, standing with one hand on the chimney piece. He cordially welcomed us, and asked us to take some wine, and in passing the decanter, upset his own glass, and deluged a very pretty book lying on the table.

'Removing the book, he commenced the business conversation by asking as to the programme of the meeting. This I briefly gave him. We then spoke of the speakers, and talked of their several qualities in a free and laughing manner—Dickens elevating his eyebrows and nodding his head forward as the remarks struck him. An interjection as to the doubt he had in *Pickwick* cast upon "swarries," provoked a quick, funny glance, which preluded an immediate turn of the talk to something else. "Whom do you intend to place beside me?" said Dickens. "We thought Mr. and Mrs. Burnett," I replied, "as we imagined you would like better to have them with you, than to be environed by perfect strangers. Of course we wish to put off, if possible, the customary stiffness and stateliness of such meetings on this occasion. We wish to consult your comfort and wishes." "No, I should not wish that," he rejoined, "by any means. I am obliged, but I could not allow that. You must look at the result upon your object in choosing my supporters." "Then," we replied, "we might place Mr. Cobden on one side and the Mayor on the other." "That would

do very well—excellently." "Or we might place a better mixture of parties. Perhaps we might place Mr. Cobden and Mr. James Crossley side by side, and thus make violent political opponents for once put aside their differences for the good of the Athenæun." "That would be beautiful. If you can get them to sit together, it will be excellent indeed. . . . Then this meeting, I see, is to be held in the Free Trade Hall." (Then followed enquiries as to the size of the room, etc., etc.) "You had 10,000 in at the Education meeting, had you not?" said Dickens, addressing Giles.

'Then he went into the history of the Athenæum—spoke of the class to be benefited by it—of their sufferings and wants. In all this Dickens appeared to take great interest. A remark as to opposition to such educational institutions by the bigoted, and the difficulty of reconciling all political bias, so as to make all men in this case work together, caused Dickens to say, "Well, we must do all we can to obtain the assistance of all classes, but if a *certain* party choose to oppose the education of the masses, we cannot help it. We must go on in spite of them."

'Speaking of the partial want of due sympathy with the intellectual welfare of the people, and of the necessity of bringing to the aid of the institution a celebrity like his—superior to party predilections and powerful with all men, he said—modestly disclaiming some of the merit we wished to attach to his visit—"Yes, such institutions are most necessary and most useful, and there is a too general desire to get the utmost possible amount of work out of men instead of a generous wish to give the utmost possible opportunity of improvement. I shall enforce the necessity and usefulness of such invaluable means of education. *I must put it into them strong*" (or "give it them strong").

'Speaking of the bazaar and its proceeds, he displayed a complete knowledge of all the history of the undertaking. He said it would not do to talk too much of the result being yet insufficient. "I suppose I may say that the debts of the institution are in rapid course of liquidation, eh? that will be the way."

'Mr. Giles happened to hint about the utility of appealing to the audience from the chair for money. To this I objected that it would be unfair to Dickens and too much like making a marketable commodity of him. He said "Yes, I should not like to do that, but I will try to excite their liberality in another and equally or more useful way."

'He spoke of Lord Brougham and his note of apology. Dickens said he had received a note from his Lordship, regretting his inability to attend the soirée—"but how would Cobden and Brougham consort or agree together?" "Oh! we have no cause to remember political differences—they are no business of ours." "Oh! of course not; but you should have Mr. Bright there to make the set complete."

'We then spoke of miscellaneous matters—music and the taste for it amongst the rest. Alluding to the new systems, it was mentioned that Mr. Burnett taught the singing class at the Athenæum. "Ah! so he tells me," he replied, as I thought with the air of one who seemed to wish "not too much said about that."

'We arranged that he should come into the hall immediately after tea. He talked of the *effect*. "Get the tea all over—I must confess to a sort of terror of tea-things (or tea on a grand scale), and I think the best way to excite and keep up the interest would be to appear immediately after tea, *and go to work at once*."

'Berlyn handed him a copy of the Bazaar Chronicle, and told him his friend Pickwick had been helpful to the document.* He received the papers, slightly laughed, and turned the conversation from his works. Berlyn told him he had taken a liberty with his portrait (by placing it upon the ticket). He praised the ticket, and declared we were welcome to make any use we liked either of the portrait or of the original.

'We spoke of future plans for benefiting the institution, and of our intention and hope of being able to establish others. "The once sure success of one institution will of itself establish others elsewhere," he said, "therefore the Manchester Athenæum is not the sole thing depending upon your efforts: it is the principle of athenæums that you are really struggling for."

'After some further conversation we arranged to meet him at the Athenæum in the morning at twelve, and to take him to the meeting in the evening (with James Heywood), and rose to go. While standing, the "numerous advantages" of the Athenæum were again dragged upon the carpet. After naming them all, he added, briskly and laughingly—"And two balls, two concerts, per annum." He saw us downstairs and we departed.

'On Thursday morning we obtained the attendance of Cobden, the Mayor,† Sir Thomas Potter, Milner Gibson, James Heywood, Langton, and one or two others, at the Athenæum; and on Dickens' arrival we (B. and I) introduced them to him. We then all walked round the institution, talked about it in all ways, dived into its cellars, and mounted to its top, calling at the Courts of Bankruptcy‡ on the way. Then we went to the Free Trade Hall, amid sundry jokes about Crossley and Cobden, political parties, etc., etc.

'Dickens was much pleased with the hall; immediately on entering it he said he *felt* he could make himself exceedingly well heard in it.§

* *E.g.* "Mr. Pickwick arrived yesterday at the Bazaar . . . accompanied only by Tracy Tupman . . . and was made to 'put in' sixteen raffles, and to expend £1.4.9½ in miscellaneous goods. 'They will please Sam's children,' said Mr. Pickwick. Handing over a handsome sum to Mrs. Milner Gibson at her stall and desiring her to lay it out for him according to her own taste, Mr. Pickwick received in exchange for his money twelve pincushions, four babies' slippers, two inkstands, some engravings, three ladies' nightcaps, and a splendid large cushion, which latter he magnanimously declared he would, notwithstanding the injuries she had attempted to do him, send as a present to Mrs. Bardell. . . . 'Put into this raffle, sir,' said a handsome young lady to Mr. Pickwick. 'Raffles I don't like,' said Mr. Tupman; 'they are, in my opinion, a contrivance for cheating the public.' 'You are wrong, sir,' rejoined Mr. Pickwick, 'they are a very harmless mode of exciting that more vigorous agitation of the pecuniary atmosphere, which people commonly call "raising the wind." Put down Mr. Tupman's name, my dear' . . ." and many pages of the like.

† Mr. Kershaw, afterwards M.P. for Stockport.

‡ One of the means of raising money was to let an entire floor of the building to the Bankruptcy Commissioners and more than twenty years passed before the Athenæum even in its prosperity, flourished sufficiently to do without the rent they paid us for their courtrooms.

§ Not the present building, but one of its predecessors, 1840-55.

THE CONTEMPORARY MANCHESTER PRESS ON DICKENS'S VISITS

1847

The Manchester Guardian: The Captain Bobadil of Dickens was cool, impudent, plausible and very amusing. Perhaps his best scene was that wherein he propounds, with such consummate gravity, his scheme for conquering the world in single combat—thus undertaking not only the entire lives of His Majesty's subjects in general, but to save the one half—nay, three parts—of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy so ever.

The Courier: Captain Bobadil was before us, the swaggering braggadocio, needful, "a gentleman living obscure and to himself," one of the thrifty frequenters of Paul's Walk, who lived on his reputation. His character is given in the very first scene he figures in, as fully as one can well be conceived, protesting as "a gentleman and a soldier," sounding the depths of Master Matthew's purse and, finding it empty, contenting himself with "a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine." His plan for saving the expense of an army was a capital piece of delineation, the cool impudence of the varlet, the entire absence of doubt of his own valour or of the certainty of success, produced roars of laughter. It was done with an inimitable nonchalance which might be well imitated by those who occupy our scenic stages. Nor must we omit to notice the last and crowning mark of character –his cowardice. This was most effectively rendered by Dickens, and not a whit less able was the scene in which he was introduced applying for a warrant, and for want of money, parting with his trusty Toledo, because he thinks he will have no more use for it. He was, with all his cowardice, a shrewd fellow, and clearly saw the beginning of the end. The change wrought in him by the knowledge that his occupation was gone was well marked, not only in appearance and in tone of voice, but in attitude.

1848

The Manchester Guardian: Mr. Dickens is an actor of the Buckstone school, with great facility in assuming character. His performance was of first-rate merit, manifesting a keen relish for the keen humour of the part.

The Courier: The Shallow of Mr. Dickens was perfect, as exquisite in its way as his well-remembered Captain Bobadil. His garrulousness was inimitable, and the half-mumbling speech was an exquisite contrast with the tales of what he was and did in his youth, or his chuckling on following mine host of the Garter, to put his quips upon the belligerent French doctor and Welsh parson. There was a completeness never interrupted. . . .

1858

The Manchester Guardian (Leading Article): Mr. Charles Dickens's address to the members of the Institutional Association of Lancashire and Cheshire last night, is in itself an admirable reproof of the folly of those persons who accuse the public of false taste of giving so much encouragement to novelists who attempt to do more than make us laugh. Noble Lords and Members of Parliament in

dozens have tried their hands at lecturing this autumn, yet even on the platform, when the subject is one that Legislators are supposed to be peculiarly qualified to deal with, Mr. Dickens shows how superior genius always is to mediocrity. Presiding over the meeting last night, he was emphatically the right man in the right place. Of all the men and women there assembled, there was not one, probably, whose mind had not been influenced, more than many of them would like to own, by the writings of the gifted Chairman. This strong hold on the sympathies of an audience is the chief thing necessary to command their respectful and docile attention; and the want of this can be atoned for by no amount of condescending familiarity on the part of peripatetic lecturers who have the good fortune to be members of our aristocracy. Nor did the Chairman, as might have been expected, display any repugnance to grapple with the dry details of his subject. Instead of wandering off into vague, meaningless platitudes about education, and seasoning a vapid speech with jocose anecdotes that had no bearing at all upon what he was saying, after the fashion of autumnal orators, Mr. Dickens kept himself strictly to the matter he had in hand, and gave so clear and interesting a statement of the objects, the work and the prospects of the Association, that all who were present could understand for what purpose the meeting had been called.

1861

The Manchester Guardian: Possibly it is the interest which must of necessity attach to the presence of an author with whom are associated the remembrances of so many pleasant hours' relaxation, but there is undoubtedly a something which gives the readings of Mr. Charles Dickens a charm independent of and apart from their subject matter. *David Copperfield* is scarcely the happiest of Mr. Dickens's selections, and perhaps more inadequately represents than any other, the real merits of the book from which it is taken. If we could suppose a person amongst the audience unacquainted with "The Life of David Copperfield," and thus unable to supply from memory the deficiencies in the narrative which the necessity of its condensation within the limits of an hour and a half, or two hours' reading occasions, we could well imagine such a person regarding it as a story without intelligible beginning or satisfactory ending. Even the most unreasonable person would not expect all the incidents and characters of a three volume novel to be compressed into an evening's entertainment; but without being exacting or unreasonable, one cannot help wishing that the histories of those to whom we are introduced were carried a trifle further, and some little sunshine thrown upon the dark scene with which the narrative closes. The reading is emphatically the story of Steerforth's sin and of its melancholy consequences, but the happier after life of "Little Em'ly" and her noble-hearted uncle are barely hinted at; David Copperfield is left still troubled and perplexed by the playful helplessness of his child-wife, and Mr. Micawber is still hanging back for a spring, and anxiously waiting for something to "turn up." . . . These lingering regrets, after all, were but so many unconscious tributes to Mr. Dickens's wonderful genius as an author; and to his powers as a reader no more satisfactory compliment could be paid than the breathless attention with which he was listened to by the large audience at the Free Trade Hall on Saturday night. Except

when the unrestrainable laughter would burst forth at the recountal of Mrs. Crupp's motherly attempts at consolation, her novel love-tests, or at Mrs. Micawber's intensely logical sequences, or some other irresistible absurdity, the reading was never interrupted; but the audience waited until Mr. Dickens's own pauses gave them the opportunity they had been longing for of manifesting their appreciation without interfering with the progress of the narrative. . . . At the close of the reading, Mr. Dickens was recalled and enthusiastically applauded.

1862

. . . Each of the selections was given as effectively as anything we remember from the talented author and reader. They were, in fact, recited rather than read, and were thereby made the more effective. . . . The description of the miserable youths brought together under Mr. Squeers' roof, was given with the most touching pathos; while the love of Miss Squeers, the tea party, and the humour of John Browdie, were hit off so genially that the heartiest of laughter was but a natural accompaniment. . . . Of course, the trial was immensely enjoyed by the audience; for in it, Mr. Dickens seems absolutely to revel with delight; and that state of feeling is very infectious. . . . The entertainment occupied two hours; and we are sure that the time would have seemed short, and been well spent, had it occupied three.

1866

The Manchester Guardian: Last evening Mr. Charles Dickens gave two readings of selections from his own works before a crowded audience at the Free Trade Hall. It is several years since he publicly appeared in Manchester, but the very hearty reception he met with last evening, must have shown, if such a proof were necessary, that he was as welcome as ever, and that the remembrance of him was as cordial as it was enduring. . . . Though possessing no powers of elocution beyond the majority of well-educated men, and suffering from a slight huskiness of voice, which in some of the passages was a very apparent drawback, Mr. Dickens invested his reading with an intenseness of interest and reality that no other man could have produced. The story, too (Dr. Marigold), was well suited to his scope. It contained minute description, quaint humour, deep pathos, and little children, in the treatment of all of which subjects he writes with a master hand; and though the reading was a plain, simple, homely performance, depending more on the story for success than on the capabilities of the reader, it illustrated how true it is that none but an author can truly interpret his own writings. . . .

1867

The Manchester Guardian: So many distinguished men in their own estimation are distinguished precisely for those gifts for which the world gives them least credit; that the phenomenon of a great author who is also a great actor deserves universal and cordial recognition. It has long been no secret that, unlike Shakespeare, who, if tradition be no liar, acted badly what he wrote divinely, and unlike Garrick, who reversed his master's experience, Mr. Charles Dickens possesses an almost equal genius for rendering and for producing lifelike

creations of human character. . . . It is not every day that men have an opportunity of listening to a great writer's interpretation of his own creations—creations which have become so real to us that their very names have passed into national proverbs. There is no phase of character or life which is not clothed in flesh for us by the genius of Mr. Dickens. "The Times" and "The Sunday Review" point their paragraphs with allusions to the Circumlocution Office and Mr. Pecksniff; Pickwick and David Copperfield enliven the daily associations of city life: and many a reputation for wit has been sustained on a happy faculty for recalling the sayings and doings of the thousand characters to whom the genius of one man has given a reality and a being. The very Boy at Mugby achieved immortality before he was a month old.

As for the "Trial from Pickwick," Mr. Dickens is not the only man who knows it by heart; but he is the only man who can add to its infinite humour. Talk to us of Garrick and his protean powers! Mr. Justice Stareleigh and Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Nathaniel Winkle himself all appeared in succession in Mr. Dickens's face and voice, and, like the image of Mrs. Bardell's departed exciseman, will remain "stamped on" us for ever. If Mr. Samuel Weller failed to attain to a similar incarnation, it is only because, like his own personal illustrations, he has already become to all of us a mythical personage incapable of realisation in this imperfect world. Often as we have heard Mr. Dickens read this deathless scene, we never knew him enter more heartily and thoroughly into its glorious fun, than on Saturday night. One horrible suspicion alone marred our otherwise perfect enjoyment. Surely Mr. Dickens has not been tampering with his text? What are the undergraduates at Cambridge who a few years ago passed so satisfactory an examination in the *Pickwick Papers*, what are the countless thousands who fondly imagine that they could at any moment stand a similar test, to think and to do if the author himself introduces (as we thought in two cases he introduced on this occasion) variorum renderings? *Pickwick* cannot be improved—even by Mr. Dickens.

A PERMANENT HOME FOR REDDITCH BRANCH

For some time past the Redditch Branch has been seeking a permanent home; at last a suitable Hall with the necessary accommodation has been found. Mr. C. H. Blackford, C.C., a former President, generously spent nearly £150 in reconstructing and furnishing, and now "The Dickens Fellowship, Redditch Branch No. 56" appears over the facade announcing to all the real existence of a Dickens Fellowship in that town. Mrs. Blackford, the reigning President, opened the new headquarters on December 13th. Meetings of a social character are held every Monday, and a lecture given once a month. On January 8th, 120 old folks were entertained to tea and a concert, most of them being driven to the hall by the members.

THE NEW FRENCH EDITION OF DICKENS

We have received a further volume of this new edition, *Dombey et Fils*. The edition is on sale at the Times Book Club and J. & E. Bumpus in London; Heffer & Sons, Cambridge; and B. H. Blackwell, Ltd., Oxford. The published price is Fcs. 45 each volume.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

VICTORIAN THEATRICALS

" During the reign of Queen Victoria the [theatrical] germ was very virulent. In fact, at times it caused something in the nature of an epidemic.

" Charles Dickens was an acute sufferer. . . . [He] did not take up the business of amateur acting in any light-hearted spirit. On the contrary he took himself, and it, most seriously. And there is no doubt that his abilities were of a high order. Even so grumpy a person as Thomas Carlyle had to admit that his performance of Aaron Gurnock in ' The Lighthouse ' was remarkable, and he compared his ' wild picturesqueness ' to the famous figures in Nicholas Poussin's bacchanalian dance in the National Gallery. Many people held him to be the equal of Frederic Lemaitre. Wilkie Collins, who wrote ' The Frozen Deep ' for him, as well as taking part in it, tells us that Dickens literally electrified the audience. Mr. Kitton recalls an observation made to Dickens by a master carpenter at one of the theatres. ' Ah, sir,' said the man, ' it's a universal observation in the profession that it was a great loss to the public when you took to writing books.' A left-handed compliment that Dickens doubtless thoroughly appreciated.

" The year 1845 seems to have been particularly fertile in amateur dramatic talent. In addition to Charles Dickens, who was justly regarded as the leader, many famous men in various walks of life lent him their enthusiastic support. This is well illustrated by the programme of an amateur performance given at the St. James's Theatre of Ben Jonson's comedy of ' Every Man in His Humour ' . . .

" The rehearsals of Ben Jonson's comedy naturally occupied a great deal of the author's attention that autumn, but in the intervals of rehearsal he managed to finish his Christmas annual, *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Whether Dickens's theatrical activities just then tended to give a dramatic bias to his work one can only conjecture, but that the story made a strong dramatic appeal is shown by the fact that in January, 1846, no less than four theatres were simultaneously giving a stage version of his story. And I am quite confident that the gentlemen in charge of those establishments were far too well bred to insult the author with the mention of anything so vulgar as a fee."—" When all's said and Done," by Herbert Swears. (Bles.)

* * * * *

METHODISM

" The Oxford Methodists made it their regular duty to visit the prisons. Often they accompanied the condemned to the gallows, mitigating their sufferings. This feature in Methodist literature and experience links Wesley very closely to Blake's gospel of pity, and, if we trace it far enough, we find it emerging in the reforms of Howard and the novels of Dickens.

" Smollett, in ' Humphry Clinker ' (1770), weaves a picaresque story round a Methodist footman. Squire Bramble has been likened to Mr. Pickwick, as Smollett himself has been compared with Dickens. Smollett certainly in some ways foreshadowed Dickens. Both have the same rollicking type of humour and high spirits. Both are fond

of noise and activity. They are writers of a peculiarly energetic type of story. But in 'Humphry Clinker' we can carry the comparison even further. If Bramble is the anticipation of Pickwick, then Clinker himself is a spiritual Sam Weller. . . . Like the novels of Dickens, particularly *Pickwick Papers*, it moves quickly, with a constant change of scene and incident.

". . . the Methodists, in spite of Wesley's own asceticism in matters of food and rigid rules of fasting, developed an atmosphere of unusual sociability, in which meals took a prominent place, an echo of which is found in the church tea-parties satirized by Dickens, and the tradition of which to some extent still survives."—"The Romantic Movement and Methodism," by F. C. Gill. (Epworth Press.)

* * * * *

SOCIAL REFORMS

"Lastly, we must not overlook the influence of Dickens, whose broad human kindliness, shown in the portrayal of humble and obscure and queer characters, was an expression of the liberal humanitarian spirit that was abroad in the land. In 1838, for instance, he showed England in *Oliver Twist* what the new workhouses really meant for those who were condemned to live in them; and in *Hard Times* (1854), he satirised the inhuman materialism preached by supporters of *laisser faire*.

"We must now notice two more reforms which had equally beneficial effects in the long run, but each of which cost the Government a certain amount of support.

"Hitherto voters had been compelled to declare publicly, by word of mouth, which candidate they favoured. The 'Eatanswill Election' in *Pickwick* gives a good idea of the scenes of disorder which resulted from this method: it encouraged both bribery and intimidation."—"A History of England, Section 3," by R. M. Rayner. (Longmans.)

* * * * *

THE ENGLAND OF DICKENS

"Dickens revelled in Ipswich and the land around of wherries, tugs, locks, and barges.

"Dickens was a Cockney genius; but once he touched South Lincolnshire where it joins Fenland. It is a brilliant passage in *Bleak House*, on Lady Dedlock's departure from the Dedlock estate for the season:—

'The waters are out in Lincolnshire . . .'

"The neighbour shire, Kent, has suffered grievously on its coast from the town 'planner' since Dickens revelled in old Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and Margate.

"This portion of the kingdom charmed Dickens. His tastes were eastern: he loved old Ipswich and its environs; Yarmouth was the scene of *Copperfield*. He has references to South Lincolnshire, the Essex marshes, Rochester, and the old-time Thanet resorts, Broadstairs and Ramsgate, mentioned in their places. Westward he never apparently went.

"Dickens did one effective storm off the East Coast in *Copperfield*, but no one writing English has performed such prodigies of exact and elaborate description of the sea, in calm or rage, as Conrad in 'The Typhoon,' 'Nigger of the Narcissus,' and several sections of 'Mirror of the Sea.'"—"English Cavalcade," by W. J. Blyton. (Murray.)

AMERICA AGAIN

"The 'sporting spirit' and the balance are less in evidence as one goes further back in the century, and proportion yields to the rancour of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Starting with the premonitory irony of the caption, 'Chapter XV. The Burden whereof is Hail, Columbia!' Dickens proceeds explicitly to categorzie the coarseness, vulgarity, bumptiousness, rowdiness, and even brutality of American life, satirizing land-boom frauds with uncompromising bitterness, and viciously caricaturing a southern 'Valley of Eden' . . .

"It is not a question, here, of whether he is within legitimate bounds but of what could be written and accepted, and it is important that this is a description of a country to which the term 'Eden' could once be applied literally.

"Dickens' book, and of course his *American Notes*, belongs to the body of travel-literature which is important in shaping the opinion which novels and drama both represent and cater to, and which, beginning with early voyagers' accounts and such a satire of pre-voyage hopes as 'Eastward Ho,' becomes overabundant in recent years. But it was not lacking a century ago, and these, if one accepts Dickens as typical, fiction and fact, or what purported to be fact, were at one.

"Prairies and timberlands, for two centuries hailed as asylums and as nurseries of a better society, received a final accolade before *Martin Chuzzlewit*."—"America in English Fiction, 1760-1800," by R. B. Heilman. (Louisiana State Univ. Press.)

MONTREAL DICKENSIANS

MONTREAL's Santa Claus bag for the Tiny Tim Fund contained between four hundred and five hundred gifts of clothing, books and toys, to be distributed among the Children's Hospitals and $56.00 in cash. From our Annual Bridge Drive, held in January, a net profit of $120.85 was made. Cards were played at 58 tables and everyone enjoyed the evening. At the meeting on January 25th, a very able lecture, "The Study of Letters," was delivered by V. C. Wansbrough, M.A., Principal Lower Canada College, and a dramatic sketch from *Nicholas Nickleby*, directed by Maude Aston. The Birthday Banquet was held in the Windsor Hotel, on February 7th, when the speakers were the President, Ven. Archdeacon Gower-Rees, Hon. A. K. Hugessen and Dr. W. W. Chipman. The membership now stands at 388.

MARIA BEADNELL

By special arrangement with the publishers, readers of *The Dickensian* can now purchase from the Dickens House "The Love Romance of Charles Dickens" (originally published at 10/6) for 3/10 post free. This most engaging book should be in the possession of every reader of *The Dickensian*. In addition to the whole of the correspondence with Maria—never before published complete in any volume, it contains unpublished letters of Dickens to other members of the Beadnell family, the *Bill of Fare*, and Dickens's early poetical effusions written in Maria's Album.

THE COMMON TOUCH OF DICKENS

THREE hundred guests assembled at the Trocadero Restaurant, London, on Monday the seventh of February, to honour the Immortal Memory of Dickens on the hundred-and-twenty-sixth anniversary of his birth. Lord Hewart of Bury (the President) presided, and among the guests were Lady Dickens, her two daughters Mrs. Hawksley and Mrs. Waley, and a grand-daughter, Miss Rosemary Shuckburgh.

Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., paid the principal tribute, later described by the Lord Chief Justice as a "wonderful and beautiful discourse without the aid of a single note." It lasted forty minutes, and was listened to with rapt attention. We regret that owing to a complete breakdown in the arrangements made for reporting the speech, we are not able to give it in full. Mr. Birkett laid great stress on Dickens's possession of "the common touch," a quality which defied all analysis and all definition, yet unerringly expressed itself in all his writings. It enabled him to speak to all sorts and conditions of men. Its possession, added to all his other gifts—sympathy, humour and observation—was a result of his hard experiences in his early days. In later days Dickens exaggerated those early experiences, but there would be no doubt that they were the vital basis of much that he wrote. Whatever else may be doubtful, the permanent place of Dickens in English literature was now unalterably secure.

Mrs. Hawksley read a letter from Mrs. Roosevelt, the wife of the President of the United States, which described Dickens as one of the earliest crusaders for social welfare.

Mr. Bransby Williams was among the guests, and at the request of the President, gave one of his famous sketches, the subject chosen being the scene between Bill Sikes and Fagin, which led to the murder of Nancy.

Mr. A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C., in proposing the toast to the Chairman, emphasised the great regard in which Dickens was held in the legal profession in spite of the fact that he had little or nothing good to say of the law and the lawyers.

The Gresham Singers entertained during the evening.

WINNIPEG BRANCH

MR. E. K. WILLIAMS, K.C., a prominent Manitoba lawyer, addressed the Winnipeg Branch in January on "Why I read Dickens." It was, he said, for the fun he got out of the characters, which he found existed right in Winnipeg. For instance, he knew several Flora Finchings who went on and on, babbling like the brook. The Turveydrops were there, too, families who stood around in artistic attitudes, letting others work for them. He specially liked the family that christened its children after the cities they were born in—with one child called Quebec. He loved the commercial firm in *Nicholas Nickleby*, called "The united metropolitan improved hot muffin and crumpet baking and punctual delivery company," and just those minor touches of humour which all keen readers of Dickens appreciate so much.

Rev. J. G. Stephens, the President, announced that as a result of Mr. Wade's Christmas recital, the branch had been able to donate to the Tiny Tims in the rural parts of the country, through the assistance of the Red Cross and other organisations, the sum of $60.00.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS

Victorian Panorama, by Peter Quennell. Illustrated. B. T. Batsford, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

Taste and Fashion, by James Laver. Illustrated. George G. Harrap & Co., Ltd. 12s. 6d.

Victorian Street Ballads, edited by W. Henderson. Illustrated. Country Life, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

We are Observed, a Mirror of English Character, by W. I. Blyton. John Murray. 7s. 6d.

Chronicles of Holland House (1820–1900(, by the Earl of Ilchester. Illustrated, John Murray. 18s.

The London Miscellany, compiled by Robert Harling, with numerous embellishments. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

The Facts about "A Christmas Carol," by E. Allen Osborne. Bradley Press, for the author. 1s.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"A Turn with Dickens," by The Londoner. *Evening News*, 30th November.

"Dickens and his Dogs," by Arthur Hedley. *The Tail Wagger*, December.

"Charles Dickens : Romancier et éditeur," by M. Beaugrard. *Toute l'Edition* (Paris), 4th December.

"Dickens did not know what Christmas meant," by W. R. Titterton. *The Universe*, 3rd December.

Reply by Fr. Stephen Rigby. 10th December.

"The New Scrooge," by Harry Sandwell. *Hamilton Spectator* (Ontario), 18th December.

"What would Dickens say ?" Cartoon by A. G. Racey. *Montreal Star*, 8th December.

"The Gas Mask for Children." Cartoon by A. G. Racey. *Montreal Star*, 23rd December.

English Humour Series No. 8. "The Undoing of Mr. Stiggins" (illus.). *Evening Standard*, 21st December.

"Why Dickens wrote *A Christmas Carol*," by Arthur Hedley. *Westminster Record*, 11th December.

"'Umble Pie : or the Japanese Uriah." Cartoon by Bernard Partridge. *Punch*, 22nd December.

"Marley's Ghost (illus.). *The Motor*, 21st December.

"In Pickwick's Footsteps" (illus.), by D. A. *The Ford Times*, December.

"The Submerged Dickens." *Times Literary Supplement*, 25th December.

"Gabriel and Ebenezer," by B. D. *Country Life*, 25th December.

"Practice and Procedure in the time of Charles Dickens," by Master Valentine Ball. *The Law Times*, 25th December.

"Mr. Pickwick and the Christmas Spirit" (illus.), by Robert Reade. *The Autocar*, 24th December.

"Christmas Stories." *The Times*, 24th December.

"Dickens and G.K's Weekly," by Stephen Rigby. *G.K's Weekly*, 23rd December.

(*Continued a foot of next page*)

THE DICKENS HOUSE

FURTHER DONATIONS TO THE REDECORATION FUND

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. E. Reed	0	3	0
Mr. H. J. Bailey	0	5	0
Anon.	0	2	6
Mrs. Peebles	0	5	0
Miss Bovingdon	0	5	0
Mr. Rathmel Wilson	0	10	6
Mr. J. D. Billington	2	2	0
Mr. Hamish Macdonald	2	2	0
Lt.-Col. W. M. H. Spiller	0	10	0
Lady Monson	1	0	0
Count de Suzannet	25	0	0
Mr. A. M. Mendell	0	10	6
Mr. W. Granvill Mason	0	6	0
Mrs. F. M. Wolfe	0	5	0
Mr. A. E. Sproul			$1
Mr. H. A. Vachell	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. M. Elkins	10	0	0
Mr. Herman L. Edgar	1	0	0
Miss Hope Wickes	1	0	0
Miss Seex	0	1	0
Miss B. Lambert	1	0	0
Miss J. Reckitt	5	5	0
Mr. Walter Dexter (Article in "John O'London's Weekly")	6	6	0
Mrs. A. F. Simpson	0	10	0
Branches—			
New York	3	0	0
Southampton	1	10	0
Wellingborough	2	0	0
Bromley (Mrs. Curwood)	4	6	0
Balham	1	14	0
Blackburn	2	2	0
St. Pancras	5	9	0
Hackney	0	10	6
Philadelphia	5	0	0
Brighton	2	2	0

DICKENSIANS BROADCAST AT "THE GEORGE"

THE Dickensian Tabard Players gave their annual performance in the yard of the George Inn in the Borough on February 12th. This was followed by a Dinner, a very jolly affair judging from the sample of it broadcast in "In Town To-night."

LITTLE DORRIT STAGED

THE Dickens Players (of Palmers Green) are to be congratulated on their eighteenth annual production. This year it was an adaptation of *Little Dorrit* by Mr. Tom Mason, produced under the direction of Mr. Alfred J. Baker, a member of the Executive Committee of the Fellowship. The five performances of the play will add considerably to the £2,500 already donated to various charities by this competent company.

DICKENSIANA—*continued from page* 148

"Dickens and the Great North Road" (illus.). *The Cyclist*, 22nd December.

"Mr. Pecksniff." Illustration to accompany the report of the debate on the Architect's Registration Bill. *Architect's Journal*, 23rd December.

"The Religion of Charles Dickens," by J. M. Connell. *Hibbert Journal*, January.

"Dickens and the Dover Road" (illus.). *The Cyclist*, 12th January.

"The Land of Dickens." *Motor World*, 14th January.

"Glory that was Todger's," by The Londoner. *Evening News*, 17th January.

"Dickens and Southgate," by Tom Mason. *Wood Green Weekly Herald*, 7th-14th January.

"Where is Bill Sikes?" by Sir Max Pemberton. *Everyman's*, 18th January.

"A Birmingham Link with Dickens." *Sunday Mercury*, 23rd January.

"A Dickens Mystery Solved: Cruikshank did not suggest *Oliver Twist*," by Walter Dexter. *John O'London's Weekly*, 4th February.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

BALHAM.
Mar. 11—" The Immortality of Dickens," by Mr. W. P. Woolliams.
April 8—Papers on *Oliver Twist.*
May 13—Annual Meeting.
Rambles on April 30, May 21.

BATH.
Mar. 7—" Emotions "—from Dickens, by Mr. W. J. Hallett.
April 11—Lecture by Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell, J.P.
May 2—Three-minute Contributions by Members.
Mar. 21, April 4, 25, Reading Circle.

BLACKBURN.
Mar. 8—Visit from the Preston Branch.
25—An evening arranged by the Dramatic Committee.
April 5—Debate.

BLACKPOOL.
Mar. 10—Lecture by Rev. D. H. Curtis, M.A.
24—Readings by Members of the Council.
April 7—The Dickens Fellowship Players.
28—Annual Meeting.

BOSTON.
Mar. 21—To be arranged.
April 18— Do.
May 16— Do.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON.
Mar. 9—*Our Mutual Friend*, by Miss Stephanie Bennett.
April 13—*A Tale of Two Cities*, by Miss Cooksley.

BROMLEY.
Mar. 9—Readings from *Oliver Twist.*
April 6—Examination Paper and Essays by Members.

CHELTENHAM.
Mar. 4—" Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce " and " Bardell *v.* Pickwick," a comparison, by Mr. E. J. Mitchell. Sketch arranged by Mr. W. Palmer.
April 1—Annual Meeting. Entertainment arranged by Mr. E. H. Williams.

CIRENCESTER.
Mar. 7—" A Dickensian Pot-Pourri," by Mr. S. Lloyd Kay.
April 4—Annual Meeting.

EASTBOURNE.
Mar. 1—Dramatic Entertainment.
8—Study Circle, " Doctors and Lawyers."
22—Study Circle, " Some Sketches by Boz."

EDGWARE.
Mar. 4—Readings.
April 1—Members' Evening.
May 8—Annual Meeting.
Ramble on April 30.

EDINBURGH.
Mar. 10—" Some Literary and Historical Personages and Events in the History of the New Town," by Mr. David Ross.
25—Bridge and Whist Evening.
April 7—Business Meeting and Dramatic Sketches arranged by Mrs. Pearson Callum.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.
Mar. 16—" Olla Podrida," by Sir William Power.
April 11—Annual Meeting and " Mixed Grill " by Members.

HAMILTON.
Mar. 15—" Scenes from Dickens," and Address by Rev. R. G. Blagrave.
April 19—Annual Meeting and " Scenes from *Oliver Twist*," directed by Miss Ellen Mottashed.

HATFIELD.
Mar. 14—Annual Meeting.

HOLLYWOOD.
Mar. 7—" A Penologist looks at *Oliver Twist*," by Mr. Karl Brigandi.
April 4—" Housing," by Mr. Daniel Marsh.
May 2—" Cruikshank *v.* Dickens—A Suit for Plagiarism."

HULL.
Mar. 1—Recital by Mr. Harold Kellington.
18—Excerpts from Dickens arranged by Mr. R. M. Brodie, A.S.A.A.
April 1—Dramatic Evening arranged by Mr. H. J. Barney.
8—" Ramble Reminiscences," by Mr. Walter Broadbent.
22—Annual Meeting.

LANCASTER.
Mar. 17—Social Gathering.
April 5—Visit to the Preston Branch.

LEYTON.
Mar. 30—" Doctors in Dickens," by Dr. D. Reginald Curnock.
April 27—Annual Meeting.

LIVERPOOL.
Mar. 2—" The Modern Drama," by Mr. E. L. Russell, M.A.
16—Discussion on *A Tale of Two Cities*, arranged by Miss A. Bowen.
20—Annual Meeting and Social.

LOS ANGELES.
Mar. 15—Address by Mr. Wm. Crosby Bennett.
April 19—To be arranged.
May 17—Annual Meeting.

LONDON.
Mar. 17—" *Oliver Twist* and the Child Criminal," by Mr. C. H. Denyer.
April 26—Annual Meeting and Dramatic Sketches.

MANCHESTER.
Mar. 4—Whist Drive.
18—Joint Meeting with the Manchester Literary Club.
April 8—Annual Meeting.
June 3–6—Annual Conference of The Dickens Fellowship.

MONTREAL.
Mar. 22—" The Law and and the Profits," by Mr. Claude S. Richardson.
April 26—" Dickens and Religion," by Rev. A. Lloyd Smith, followed by Annual Meeting.

NOTTINGHAM.
Mar. 10, 24—Readings from *Great Expectations*.
April 7, 8, 9—Performances of *The Battle of Life*.
28—Annual Meeting.

PHILADELPHIA.
Mar. 23—To be announced.
April 27—To be announced.

PITTSBURGH.
Mar. 14—Review by Miss Eunice Overman of Mr. James Fisher's " Reform as a Dickens Background," and papers on two other reformers by Mrs. Jacobs and Mr. Henry Peel.
April 11—Spring Dinner.

PLYMOUTH.
Mar. 1—Surprise Evening.
15—Dramatic and Musical Evening arranged by Misses Lilian Brenton and Vera Cocks.
29—Annual Meeting.

PORTSMOUTH.
Mar. 11—" Dickens as a Social Reformer," by Mr. Edward P. Frankham.
25—Lecture by Mr. Ollé.

PRESTON.
Mar. 1—"Child Psychology in *Oliver Twist*," by Rev. F. F. Pepper.
8—Visit to Blackburn Branch.
April 5—Visit from Lancaster Branch.
12—Annual Meeting.

REDDITCH.
Mar. 2—Lecture by Mr. W. Baseley.
April 6—Lecture by Rev. A. Simpson Leck.
May 4—Annual Meeting.

ROCHESTER.
Mar. 17—"Dickens's Philosophy of Love," by Mr. R. E. Rigg.
April 28—"Half-hours with Dickens," by Mrs. Siede, Mr. W. Cobbett Barker, and Mr. J. H. Bolton.

RUGBY.
Mar. 1—Readings from *Christmas Books* and *Christmas Stories*.
April 5—Visit from the Redditch Branch.
May 3—Annual Meeting.

ST. PANCRAS.
Mar. 14—A Trial of Some Dickens Criminals. Chairman: Mr. S. J. Rust.
April 11—Annual Meeting.
Rambles March 19 and April 12.

SHEFFIELD.
Mar. 11—Dramatic Society's Evening.
16—Whist Drive.
26—Pickwick Supper.
April 8—Annual Meeting and "Five-minute Papers" by Members.

SOUTHAMPTON.
Mar. 10—Lecture by Rev. R. D. Moore.
April 14—Annual Meeting.

SOUTHEND AND DISTRICT.
Mar. 5—Dance.
30—Annual Meeting.
April 2—Dance.

TEWKESBURY.
Mar. 1—"The Women Characters in *A Tale of Two Cities*."
1—Treat to Inmates of Holmewood House.
April 5—"London River," by Mr. A. G. Dye.

TORONTO.
Mar. 3—Address by Rev. J. M. B. Armour, M.A., and Sketches from *Dombey and Son*.
April 14—Address by Mr. Dana H. Porter, K.C., and Sketches from *Our Mutual Friend*.

VANCOUVER.
Mar. 24—Address by Mr. David Hall.
April 28—Sponsored by the Dickens Study Circle.
June 12—Annual Memorial Service.

VICTORIA.
Mar. 21—Lecture by Captain Wilfred Ord.
April 18—Lecture by Mr. E. F. Chester.
May 16—Lecture by Mr. A. W. Arnup.
June —Annual Outing.

WELLINGBOROUGH.
Mar. 12—"Ghosts and Ghostly Stories," by Miss Bryan.
26—Sketch Evening provided by the Bedford Branch.

WINNIPEG.
Mar. 10—Ladies' Night.
April 14—"The Winnipeg Dickensian, Vol. 1, No. 2," Edited by Mr. T. C. B. Boon, B.A.

WOODVILLE.
Mar. 4—"Nancy," by Mr. H. Aiers.
18—Social Evening, arranged by Miss Chandler and Mr. W. H. Shepherd.

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